THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir William Harrington.

VOL. IV.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
72
MAY

THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir William Harrington.

WRITTEN SOME YEARS SINCE,

And reviſed and corrected

By the late Mr RICHARDSON,

Author of Sir Charles Grandiſon, Clariſſa, &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

The SECOND EDITION.

Of Folly ſtudious, ev'n of Vices vain,
Ah! Vices gilded by the Rich and Gay.
SHENSTONE's Elegies.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, at his extenſive Circulating Library near Exeter Exchange in the Strand, and C. ETHERINGTON at YORK.

MDCCLXXII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
72
MAY

INDEX

TO THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

LETTER LXXIV.

MISS Cordelia *to Miſs* Julia Harrington. *Particulars of the firſt elopement ingenuouſly and minutely related, tending to inculcate, in the minds of young ladies, the great danger of indulging a paſſion for a man far their ſuperior in birth and education.* - p. 1

LETTER LXXV.

Miſs Julia Harrington *to Lady* C. *The hero's ſituation of mind touched upon, and ſome proſpect of a more agreeable event,*

than the reader hath lately been entertained with. - - - 49

LETTER LXXVI.

Miſs Cordelia *to Miſs* Julia Harrington. *Intelligence not unacceptable to the kind-hearted reader.* - - 58

LETTER LXXVII.

Miſs Julia Harrington *to Lady* C. *Guilt put to confuſion, and pride humbled. An important point determined.* - 65

LETTER LXXVIII.

Lady C. *to Miſs* Julia Harrington; *in conſequence of the late determination.* 79

LETTER LXXIX.

Lady C. *to Sir* William Harrington. *An affectionate reproof, and the end of falſe pleaſure illuſtrated, by quotations from Dr Young's* Centaur. - 82

LETTER LXXX.

Miſs Julia Harrington *to Lady* C. *Great hopes of a reformation, where it is much wanted.*

wanted. Preparatory circumſtances to a pleaſing event in the family-way. 95

LETTER LXXXI.

Miſs Cordelia Harrington *to Lady* C. *The penitent mourner deſcribed, and ſome ſlight occurrences at Bath.* 103

LETTER LXXXII.

Lady S. *to Lady* C. *The pleaſing event fullfilled. A climax illuſtrated. Family-matters increaſing.* - 106

LETTER LXXXIII.

Lady S. *to Lady* C. *Ceremonial viſit. Promiſing appearance of a new marriage.* 114

LETTER LXXXIV.

Lady C. *to Lady* S. *An alarming accident, attended with fatal ſymptoms. A perſon ſkilled in bleeding, as neceſſary in a family, remote from phyſical aid, as a cloſet of medicines.* - - 117

LETTER

LETTER LXXXV.

Lady S. *to Lady* C. *Another family-compact made.* - - 122

LETTER LXXXVI.

Mrs Gage *to Lady* S. *An unwelcome conſequence of fright.* - - 125

LETTER LXXXVII.

Lady S. *to Lady* C. *An extraordinary humiliation, and welcome change. New projects ſtarted.* - - 127

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Lady S. *to Lady* C. *An arrival at Bath; an unexpected critical encounter, with its various conſequences, minutely related. Grief and ſhame the unavoidable attendants on indiſcretion.* - - 139

LETTER LXXXIX.

Lady S. *in continuation. The reader preſented with a more pleaſing proſpect, than what the foregoing chapter afforded.* 166

LETTER

LETTER XC.

Lady S. *in continuation. An interview beſt calculated for the reader who poſſeſſes tender ſenſations. A welcome reconciliation. More fair proſpects.* - - 169

LETTER XCI.

Sir William Harrington *to the Rev. Mr* Randall. *A requeſt of an intereſting nature.* - - - - - 181

LETTER XCII.

Lady C. *to Lady* S. *A congratulatory letter, with an humble eſſay in the poetic way.* - - - - - 183

LETTER XCIII.

Lady S. *to Lady* C. *Family occurrences and deſigns, leading to the cataſtrophe of the ſtory.* - - - - 188

LETTER XCIV.

Lady Stanhope *to Mrs* Crawford. *Conciſe account of an arrival in London.* 195

LETTER

LETTER XCV.

Lady Stanhope *in continuation. Buſtling preparations for another intereſting event.* - - - - 196

LETTER XCVI.

Lady Stanhope *in continuation. The event takes place. A ſcene of happineſs. The different appearances of joy in different diſpoſitions. A good man not apt to ſuſpect ill in others. A removal to Harrington-hall propoſed. Natural apprehenſions of innocent minds.* - - 198

LETTER XCVII.

Lady S. *to Mrs Crawford. Arrival at Harrington-hall. People in humble life almoſt as rational at times as thoſe of high degree. To confer happineſs on others, the ſureſt means of acquiring it for ourſelves. A little more doubt and ſurmiſe.* 206

LETTER

LETTER XCVIII.

The Hon. John Renholds *to Mr* Loyd. *A convert made. A critical trial, and hard ſtruggle, whimſically related.* 213

LETTER XCIX.

Mr Loyd *to the Hon.* John Renholds. *A noble inſtance of perſeverance in the deſerted remains of the London junto. An act of villany, which the modiſh world might be apt to call gallantry. Some very conſcientious ſchemes on foot.* - 223

LETTER C.

The Hon. John Renholds *to Mr* Loyd. *Juſt reproof to ingratitude. Scoffers at religion reprehended. True and falſe pleaſure defined. Digreſſion on conſcience, and earneſt exhortation to libertines to reform.* - - - 231

LETTER CI.

The ſame to the ſame. Reformation rewarded. A delicate inſtance of true friendſhip. - - 243

LETTER

LETTER CII.

Mr Loyd *to the Hon.* John Renholds. *The inability of good counſel to men of abandoned principles.* - - 249

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Concluſion of the ſtory. The moral illuſtrated, in a due diſtribution of rewards and puniſhments. - - 255

A DESCRIP-

30 MAY 72

A

DESCRIPTION

OF

MODERN LIFE.

LETTER LXXIV.

Miſs CORDELIA to Miſs HARRINGTON.

Bath, April 10.

THIS morning Letitia received a letter from her ſiſter Charlotte, in conſequence of that you wrote to Mr Randall; and ſhe is now returning her anſwer to it, promiſing to keep, in every particular, to thoſe rules you preſcribe.

Dear girl! her exceſſive gratitude, I fear, will be the death of her; her heart is ſcarcely able to contain it, even though

it is continually flowing from her eyes. Ah, Julia! her poor eyes (not like thoſe of your ladies in romance, who are ſaid to appear moſt lovely in their tears) have loſt all their ſweet luſtre; ſhe looks ſo pale too, and is in all reſpects ſo altered, you would hardly know her. We have conſulted Dr M. our phyſician, about her; for indeed ſhe is in a very bad way —ſuch a continual uneaſineſs of mind muſt affect the body, to be ſure. She loves our brother, tenderly loves him ſtill, for all his baſe uſage of her; and ſometimes, when we are quite alone, will ſay to me, Is it not ſtrange, Miſs Harrington, I cannot hate the author of all my miſery? But I cannot—my affection, I fear, is too ſtrong, ever to be conquered; and then it cuts me to the ſoul, it adds a freſh poignancy to my affliction, to think the man I love beyond myſelf, ſhould, by his vile behaviour to me, have been the occaſion of ſuch cruel woes!

Indeed, Julia, I am afraid if ſhe don't, in ſome meaſure, very ſoon get the better of this, it will coſt her her life. Dr M. told my

my aunt Crawford, when ſhe firſt talked with him about her, he fancied the lady's diſorder was upon her mind. I doubt, Madam, ſaid he, it is beyond my ſkill to cure her. Is it not ſo, Miſs Harrington? (turning to me) you young ladies always truſt each other in ſuch caſes—Is not your friend's a love caſe?

I won't deceive you, Doctor, anſwered I, it is—Miſs Randall has met with a very great diſappointment, and that, I believe, is the cauſe of her illneſs. But though there may be another who might, if he pleaſed, be of more ſervice to her than you; I hope, Doctor, you'll do her all the ſervice you can.

This he promiſed to do, and I make no queſtion will; ſhe is, poor ſoul! willing to omit nothing ſhe thinks can oblige us; and has, for theſe few days paſt, wrote more, I believe, than ſhe ought to have done, in order that the account ſhe was to give of herſelf might go to-morrow, together with this letter of mine, by the means of a friend who will con-

vey it to you, it being altogether too large a packet to go by the poſt.

Mrs Crawford and I read the papers through this morning, and the dear girl has certainly been much to blame; but ſhe is ſo ſenſible of her indiſcretions, confeſſes them with ſo much conſciouſneſs, and recovered herſelf ſo nobly, that I ſhould have but a poor opinion of that virtue, which did not pity and forgive; but our brother—he has been wicked indeed.

It grows late, ſo I muſt write no more at preſent, as I muſt ſend the parcel to Mr Green to-night, he being to ſet out for London early in the morning—Adieu, therefore—

Yours affectionately,

CORDELIA HARRINGTON.

Miſs

Miſs RANDALL's ACCOUNT OF HER TROUBLES.

ADDRESSED TO

Lady C. Miſs JULIA, and Miſs CORDELIA HARRINGTON.

'IN order, as much as poſſible, to clear 'myſelf from the imputation of having conſented to any diſhonourable 'meaſures, I take the liberty, my dear 'ladies, of giving you the following account; well knowing, from the many 'inſtances of your goodneſs I already 'have experienced, that you will excuſe 'me in all things where I ought to be 'excuſed, though the man of whom I 'muſt complain, is your *brother*.

'And now I muſt beſpeak your pity and 'your pardon for my preſumptuous fol-

'ly, while I confeſs, that from my firſt 'acquaintance with him, I indulged a 'preference for Sir William, which made 'me receive with tranſport the early 'marks he gave of a diſtinguiſhing re-'gard for your unhappy friend; ſo great 'was my indiſcretion, that it even ſuf-'fered that tranſport to be but too *viſible* 'to the deſigning gentleman, which no 'doubt encouraged him in the proſecu-'tion of his wicked plan. Upon bitter 'recollection, I find that I have been 'more my own dupe than his in the 'courſe of all his aſſiduities, which, in-'ſtead of ſhunning, as I ought to have 'done, while my prepoſſeſſion was con-'querable, I fooliſhly aſſiſted in finding 'opportunities to receive them, till they 'ſtrengthened my fatal paſſion in the 'ſame degree, that my reaſon and my 'judgement were weakened by them; 'yet, as I ſaid before, in the courſe of 'theſe endearments, I now remember, 'that though he frequently aſſured me, 'I might rely upon his honour, he never 'once, in direct terms, declared he meant

'to

'to marry me: On the contrary, he often
'lamented, that he had involved his e-
'ſtate ſo far by play, as rendered it im-
'poſſible to take a wife without a for-
'tune, till time had extricated him from
'thoſe embarraſſments. Being blinded
'by hope, this I vainly interpreted into
'an avowal, that he only waited for that
'time to make me his with honour; for,
'ladies, even in my weakeſt moments, I
'ſhould have ſtarted at the bare idea of
'ſwerving from the rules of that virtue,
'which is the glory of our ſex.

'Yet let me confeſs, with ſhame con-
'feſs, that when in our private inter-
'views (of which I granted but too many)
'he has been too enterpriſing, I wanted
'the courage to repulſe him as I ought,
'fearful of offending the man I looked
'on (Oh, forgive me, ladies!) as my fu-
'ture huſband; humbled by the conſci-
'ouſneſs of my own inferiority to the
'family I had the daring to look up to,
'and holding myſelf obliged to *that love*,
'which could induce him to the conde-

'ſcenſion

'ſcenſion I one day expected from him, I
'too often forgave its treſpaſſes.

'Theſe fatal indulgences, or at beſt, but
'weak repulſes, no doubt, lowered me in
'the opinion of the very man in whoſe
'favour they were ſhewn, whoſe eſteem
'I would have ſacrificed my life to ob-
'tain, and rendered me leſs worthy of
'that reſpectful paſſion I ſo ardently
'wiſhed to inſpire. Oh, had I, or would
'my fond weak ſex attend, as they ought,
'to the great leſſon given us by our beſt
'moral teacher, the inimitable *Richard-*
'*ſon*, that *the woman who reſents not initi-*
'*atory freedoms is loſt*, I had not had
'ſelf-reproach to add to my miſeries, nor
'could the ruin of ſo many indiſcreet,
'confiding wretches be effected.

'But to go on with my melancholy nar-
'rative.—He had often expreſſed a deſire
'of ſhewing me Windſor, and when he
'came out of Nottinghamſhire, begged
'me, more ſtrongly than ever, to go with
'him—it was an eaſy day's jaunt, he
'told me; for, ladies, even with *him* (of
'whoſe honourable intentions I had not

'*then*

'*then* the leaſt doubt) I would not have 'been out alone for a night upon any 'conſideration, you may believe me. I 'really did not know what diſtance Wind-'ſor was from London, ſo was eaſily led 'to come to the ſcheme, thinking, (for 'I did think) Sir William Harrington 'would in no reſpect have deceived me.

'We ſet out between ten and eleven 'in the morning, and got to Windſor 'about one; he all the way ſo entirely 'engaging my attention, as to make me 'regardleſs how the time paſſed, or the 'number of miles a chariot and ſix muſt 'neceſſarily run in three hours.

'When we arrived, after having or-'dered a dinner to be got ready by four 'o'clock, we went out, and ſpent all the 'intervening time in viewing the curio-'ſities of the place.

'After we had dined, we went out a-'gain, and did not return to the inn till 'near ſix, when I begged we might ſet 'out for London directly.

'We muſt drink a diſh of coffee firſt,. 'indeed, my dear, ſaid Sir William. Ah!

'replied

'replied I, pray don't, for if we are out 'late, my couſins will be ſadly frightened. 'You know you told them we were only 'going to Kenſington; why, Sir William, 'did you tell them ſo, and not own where 'we really were to go?

'Becauſe I hate, anſwered he, every 'body ſhould be acquainted with my 'movements; and perhaps they might 'have objected to the ſcheme, had they 'known it, upon account of the diſtance.

'Diſtance! ſaid I; how many miles are 'we diſtant from London then?

'Pſhaw, anſwered he, not many; be 'not alarmed, my love. Well, I'll go 'and order the coffee.

'Out he went, ſaying this, and left 'me, I muſt own, rather uneaſy, fearing 'that I was farther from town than I 'thought, and dreading much to be out 'late, as I concluded would be the caſe, 'for before we could ſet out, it muſt be 'at leaſt ſeven o'clock.

'Indeed it was paſt ſeven before the 'coffee was done with, though I endea-'voured to hurry it as much as poſſible,

'and

'and then the chariot was ordered to the 'door. Jacob upon this came in, with 'great appearance of concern upon his 'face, ſaying, Lord, Sir, you can't any 'way go to town to-night. Sir Wil-'liam ſtarted; How, Jacob, not go to 'town! what is the matter I can't? and 'he ſeemed as much ſurpriſed as myſelf, 'though I am now convinced it was a 'plot of his own contriving.

'One of your honour's horſes got a 'ſtone in his foot, anſwered the fellow, 'as he was going to water, and was for-'ced to have his ſhoe taken off by a 'clumſy-fiſted booby of a farrier here, 'who has pricked him ſo he is quite lame, 'and I wiſh he may ever get the better 'of it.

'Well, ſaid I, but can't we go with 'four horſes, a pair, or any how, ſo we 'do but go? for indeed, indeed (and I 'wept) I can't think of being out all 'night.

'My dear creature, be pacified, an-'ſwered Sir William; we will go if it be 'poſſible. Four horſes, Jacob, will draw

'us

'us very well, ſo let four be put to, and 'leave the lame one with his fellow be-'hind.

'God bleſs you, Sir, replied the man, 'the horſe that has got the miſchief is 'one of thoſe that went next the wheel; 'your ſet are all young horſes, and never 'any but the pair, of which the lame 'horſe is one, having been uſed to it, 'the others would as ſoon fly as draw 'you: Indeed we don't dare attempt 'trying them, for you would run the 'hazard of your life, Sir.

'The devil take it, ſaid the deceitful 'gentleman, in a ſeeming great paſſion, 'this is moſt plaguy unlucky; ſurely 'never any man was ſerved by ſuch care-'leſs dogs as I am! But hark'ee, ſcoun-'drel, go and hire a pair of horſes that 'draw next the wheel; for to London I 'will go to-night, that is poſitive.

'Away went Jacob, fully inſtructed, 'I make no doubt, how to act; for after 'having been gone ſome time, he re-'turned, ſaying, there were no horſes to 'be got all over the place.

'Dear

'Dear Letitia, ſaid Sir William, taking my hand, when he heard this report, what can we do?

'Go, if we walk on foot, replied I.

'My ſweet girl, returned he, what twenty miles!

'How! cried I, ſtarting, twenty miles! are we twenty from London? Lord help me!

'What a little ſimpleton you are, ſaid he. What, my dear girl, are you afraid of? Am not I here to protect you? Jacob, do you hear? I charge you, if any body attempts in the night to run away with Miſs Randall, you will call me up, and I'll take care of her.

'The *night!* repeated I—and muſt we then ſtay here all night, Sir William?

'What elſe can we do? anſwered he. Yes, yes, my dear, we muſt e'en be contented where we are, as we can't get any farther. Go, Jacob, do you ſee that two beds are well aired, one for Miſs Randall, the other for myſelf; and ſend in the landlady, that I may beſpeak ſomething for our ſuppers.

'Jacob departed, and then, weeping 'bitterly, Ah! Sir William, ſaid I, this is 'a plot againſt me, indeed I fear it is!

'I never met with ſuch a fearful little 'girl in my life. What are you appre-'henſive of? Has my dear Letitia no 'confidence in her faithful Harrington?

'The landlady now came, and he or-'dered ſupper to be ready by nine; till 'which time Sir William did all in his 'power to reaſſure and make me eaſy; 'uſing no endearments but what the ſe-'vereſt virtue might warrant.

'By ſuch kind of behaviour, now I 'was abſolutely in his power, I own my 'confidence in his honour was highly 'ſtrengthened, and by degrees, I regained 'my wonted compoſure. Before ſupper 'came, he complained of being dry, and 'went out himſelf to order a negus, 'which, when it came, he drank of, and 'deſired me to pledge him. I did ſo, and 'being thirſty myſelf, drank freely of it, 'not attending to the ſtrength, till I 'found a prodigious glow in my ſto-

'mach,

'mach, and then ſaid, Lord, Sir William,
'what have you given me?

'The beſt kind of negus in the world,
'anſwered he, Champaign warmed, with
'lemon-peel and nutmeg in it.

'Bleſs me! returned I, why did you
'let me drink ſo much? it will quite diſ-
'order my head, I am afraid.

'No, no, replied he, only raiſe your
'ſpirits a little, which, my dear girl, you
'very much want.

'At ſupper, only Jacob waited upon
'us; for, ſaid Sir William, I don't like
'the drawers at theſe houſes, they are ſuch
'confounded ſpies upon one's actions.

'The diſhes at ſupper were all very
'highly ſeaſoned, which occaſioned me,
'accuſtomed as I am to plain, to call
'pretty often for wine and water, which
'though I complained to Jacob, that he
'always gave me too ſtrong, I was not
'minded; he being ordered in that par-
'ticular alſo, as I ſuppoſe, by his maſter;
'for indeed, it now appears to me, that
'he was mean enough to wiſh for the
'aſſiſtance of wine towards the accom-

'pliſhment of his wicked plot; but na-
'turally abſtemious, he could prevail on
'me for but one glaſs of Champaign af-
'ter ſupper, and even that, with the
'wine and water, had ſo far its effect,
'that I began to think my former fears
'groundleſs, and to reſume thoſe ſpirits
'which were before ſo much depreſſed.

'Sir William was not now ſo guarded
'in his behaviour as he had been before
'ſupper. 'Tis true, I did repulſe him
'in ſome of the freedoms attempted, but
'not with that proper indignation of of-
'fended delicacy; on the contrary, when-
'ever he ceaſed to give me cauſe of com-
'plaint, I reſumed my evident affection,
'and liſtened with delight to his ſooth-
'ings.

'I have promiſed, ladies, to give you
'a *true* account of this ſhocking affair,
'and I will do it, not gloſſing over in the
'leaſt, my own folly; ſuch folly as I
'fear will forfeit me, in ſome meaſure,
'your good opinion, if you don't let
'my very ſtrict candour upon the occa-
'ſion plead in my behalf.

'There

'There was a clock very near the 'room we ſat in, and when it ſtruck 'twelve, It is time to go to bed, ſaid I, 'and got up. Sir William folded his 'arms round me as he ſat, pulled me 'into his lap, and, laying his hand upon 'my boſom, ſaid, Muſt we part, Letitia?

'Part, Sir William! what do you 'mean? ſaid I.

'Oh, that I might all night recline my 'head upon this ſnowy pillow! anſwer-'ed he, and again cloſely embracing me, 'Oh, Letitia! do you love me?

'I was ſtrangely ſoftened, and replied, 'Indeed, indeed I do.

'Unutterable tranſport! unſpeakable 'happineſs! cried he. Is there on earth 'a joy can equal this? Yes, yes, my 'charmer, we may be happier ſtill! Let 'us not part this night!

'Indeed, my dear Sir William, an-'ſwered the indiſcreet, the ſimple Leti-'tia, I can't ſit up all night, for what 'would the people of the houſe think if 'I did?

'Sweet girl! kiſſing me eagerly, I 'don't want you to ſit up all night. I 'deſire—I beg—and he looked at me in 'a moſt ſupplicating manner.

'What do you beg? replied I, and 'touched his forehead with my lips. See, 'ladies, how I expoſe my folly.

'What do I beg, my dear Letitia? 'Why that, when you retire to your 'chamber, you will permit me to ac-'company you. He would have hid his 'guilty face on my boſom, but I ſtarted 'from his lap, ſaying, I am ſure, Sir 'William, you can't be in earneſt in this 'vile requeſt; for if you love me with 'the ſincere affection you have always 'profeſſed, you would not wiſh to ruin 'me.

'Ruin! anſwered he, riſing and fold-'ing his arms about me; all prejudice 'of narrow education! indeed my charm-'er it is; for, my dear girl—ſpeak from 'this dear, this beloved heart of yours '(tapping my neck) if we were married, 'would you refuſe me then?—Anſwer

'me,

'me, my angel! anſwer me this queſtion 'ſincerely!

'I bluſhed at this exceſſively, and re-'plied, Indeed, indeed, Sir William, it is 'not a fair queſtion. Pray let me leave 'you.

'Not till you have anſwered it, by 'my ſoul, ſaid he, ſhall you quit this 'room; ſo chooſe, my dear; for if you 'like to ſtay in this room all night, it is 'much the ſame thing to me—and again 'he put his arms about me.

'You do not uſe me well, anſwered I. 'Pray, Sir, don't hold me thus. Oh, 'Heaven! what ſhall I do?

'Reply to my queſtion, returned he; 'once more I repeat it—If, my deareſt 'girl, we were married, would you re-'fuſe to make me happy?

'I held my hands before my face, and 'faintly uttered—No—Then with what 'rapture did he kiſs me. Dear, dear Le-'titia, ſaid he, if not then,—why, Oh, 'why will you refuſe me now?

'Good God! cried I; is there no dif-'ference?

'None,

'None, in my opinion, anſwered he. 'Indeed where can the difference be? 'For here, at this very inſtant may we 'ſwear, moſt ſolemnly ſwear, never to 'part, but to keep entirely to each other. 'And if we are ſincere in ſuch a vow, 'both of us determining moſt religiouſly 'to keep it, it will certainly anſwer all 'the purpoſes of marriage regarding our-'ſelves. Our children,—they indeed—

'Wretch! interrupted I, be ſilent; for 'I will not hear thee talk ſo vilely. Let 'me go—I won't be held—Are all your 'vows and proteſtations come to this? 'Let me go, I ſay.

'No, my ſweet, my angry love, I 'won't, ſaid he. I beg you'd hear me.

'I will own, as I ſaid before, that 'ſhould our happineſs produce thoſe con-'ſequences, the precious offspring of our 'loves might ſuffer, unleſs we take care 'to guard againſt it, as thus.

'He now took a paper out of his poc-'ket, which he deſired me to read; but 'I refuſed ſo doing, and he then read it 'to me, I being obliged (for he held me

'faſt)

'faſt) to hear the following ſhocking pro-
'poſals.

'That if I would live with him, he
'bound himſelf to charge his eſtate with
'500l. a year, payable to me for life; and
'to every child we ſhould have 2000 l.
'for its fortune. This paper ſeemed to
'be drawn up in law-terms, and I make
'no doubt, would, if I had ſigned it,
'have conveyed the money to me and
'my wretched heirs.

'But I deteſted the offer, and now my
'eyes at length being opened, I ſaw him in
'the light he deſerved, when, burſting
'from his arms, indignation, I am ſure,
'flaſhing from my eyes, Vile man, ſaid I,
'haſt thou then at laſt diſcloſed thyſelf!
'Was this baſe purpoſe the end to which
'all your fair pretences led? Haſt thou,
'inſtead of *honourable love*, all this time
'cheriſhed a deſign of *ruining* me? How
'have I been deceived! This is a ſtroke
'indeed! a dreadful one! How unex-
'pected! I that truſted to your honour,
'and thought myſelf ſecure in ſo doing,
'that I at length ſhould find myſelf ſo

'cruelly

'cruelly miſtaken. That you ſhould 'prove a baſe deceiver! 'tis more than 'I can bear, indeed it is! and, caſting 'myſelf upon a ſettee, I burſt into tears.

'He came, and, ſitting down by me, 'folded me in his arms, ſaying, Dear, 'dear girl, be not thus diſordered—I do 'not mean to wrong you.

'How, Sir William! cried I, (ſtrug-'gling to get from him) not wrong 'me! Conſider what propoſals you have 'made; is not the tendency of them to 'do me the higheſt of all wrongs?

'No, my Letitia, no, ſaid he, you 'quite miſtake the caſe, indeed you do; 'my love ſhall never wrong you; you 'ſhall enjoy every delight this world can 'give you. What I have offered in this 'paper is only to be applied by you to 'thoſe uſes for which ladies demand 'what they call pin-money; I ſhall in 'every thing maintain you; I'll take an 'houſe for you either in town or coun-'try, juſt as you like beſt, and will fur-'niſh it, in all reſpects, according to your 'taſte and directions; you ſhall have an

'equipage

'equipage the ſame, and be attended 'upon in the ſame manner, as if you 'were my wife. I will be conſtantly 'with you; I will devote my whole time 'to your ſervice. Do, Letitia, my dear, 'my charming girl! conſider of it well; 'do not refuſe this offer.

'Can you, Sir William, anſwered I, 'think me ſo mean a wretch, as to ſell 'my virtue for ſuch trifles as empty 'pomp and ſhew? in the midſt of which, 'could I barter my innocence for them, 'what a deſpicable creature ſhould I be! 'yes, even in my own eyes. Can any 'thing on earth allay the ſtings of con-'ſcience, which I ſhould daily and hour-'ly feel in ſuch a ſituation, when I had 'loſt the peace of *innocence* and the pride 'of *virtue?* But, Sir William, be aſſured, 'great as you may think your power is 'over me, by the many indiſcreet proofs 'which I have given of my fooliſh love, 'I never will, while I have the leaſt 'power of reſiſtance left, forfeit thoſe 'two great comforts: I prefer the low-'eſt ſtate in the world, with innocence

'and

'and *virtue* for my companions, before 'the moſt exalted ſtation with *infamy*.

'Sweet girl, replied he, in every light 'whatſoever, how inimitably lovely do 'you appear! but really, Letitia, you 'quite miſtake this caſe, for, by com- 'plying with what I requeſt, you will 'not forfeit your virtue: A woman only 'does that when ſhe admits of a plu- 'rality of lovers; in keeping conſtant 'to one man indeed, my ſweet angel, 'virtue (that is, chaſtity I ſuppoſe you 'mean) cannot be deſtroyed; at leaſt in 'my opinion it would not; and if you 'were for life firmly connected with me, 'my opinion of the matter would be the 'only thing of any very great conſe- 'quence to you.

'Then again, taking the affair in this 'light, if we ſhould (and I make no 'doubt but we ſhould) without any 'kind of tie but love, remain inviola- 'bly conſtant to each other, how noble 'would be that conſtancy! it would be 'conſtancy indeed, and well deſerving 'of the name, ſince it ſprang from *in-*

'*clination*,

'*clination*, not from *bonds*. Oh, what a 'noble girl was Eloiſe! ſhe above all 'things preferred the life of honour; ſhe 'thus expreſſes herſelf,

'*How oft when preſs'd to marriage have I ſaid,*
'*Curſe on all laws! but thoſe which love has made!*

'And again,

'*Not Cæſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;*
'*No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love!*

'Then cloſely embracing me, (which, 'though I uſed my utmoſt endeavours, I 'could not hinder him from doing) you 'have owned you love me, Letitia, ſaid 'he; be then, my ſweet girl, to me what 'Eloiſe was to her beloved Abelard: 'Make me bleſt this very night; this 'night, my angel! conſent to make me 'happy.

'I ſprang from him, and, burſting in-'to tears, Baſe wretch, ſaid I, thou art 'my averſion: I deteſt thee. Never

'more, I command thee, wound my ſoul
'with ſuch ſhocking requeſts; for by
'heaven I ſwear, and as I hope for mercy
'in my laſt moments, I never will com-
'ply with any of the vile terms which
'you have offered.

'Are you poſitive of this? replied he.
'Can nothing move you?

'Nothing, anſwered I, therefore do
'not ſay any more upon the horrid ſub-
'ject, ſince I once more ſolemnly aſſure
'you, all your pleadings will have no
'effect.

'Well then, ſaid he, with a determi-
'nedneſs in his looks that made me
'tremble, if perſuaſion fails, when a man
'is, notwithſtanding all reſiſtance, re-
'ſolved to obtain his purpoſe, other
'means muſt be employed, therefore,
'my Letitia, blame yourſelf if I am re-
'duced to methods I would wiſh to
'avoid, for happy this very night I will
'be. Nay, ſtruggle not, it is in vain I
'can aſſure you, for I will not quit my
'purpoſe.

'I

'I ſunk down upon my knees—for 'Heaven's ſake conſider, Sir, cryed I, 'and if you have in your breaſt any of 'that love for me you ſo often have 'profeſſed, do not commit an act which 'muſt render me for ever miſerable! I 'know myſelf to be entirely in your 'power—I have left my friends—I have 'put myſelf into your power, and have 'no friend at hand to help me, ſhould 'you be ſo baſe. Do not be baſe, Sir 'William; exert your generoſity in my 'favour; upon your generoſity I now 'entirely rely; ah, do not let me find 'my reliance upon it in vain!

'Pray, Letitia, do not trifle, anſwered 'he. 'Tis but a folly! I will be happy, 'by Heaven I will! your poor reſiſtance, 'what do you think it will avail you?

'Nothing, nothing, I replied; I fear 'all the reſiſtance I can make will be in 'vain: Yet hear, Oh, hear my ſupplica-'tions! Oh, God, gracious God! grant 'you may be touched by them, or I ſhall 'be bereft of all hope indeed. Spare 'me, Sir William, ſpare a girl, who loves

'her virtue dearer than her life; and 'who, I can aſſure you, truly aſſure you, 'never will yield to your wicked purpo- 'ſes, while ſhe has any life, or power to 'reſiſt.

'Dear, dear, girl! ſaid he, don't 'be obſtinate, I once more beg you; 'conſider well. Come—ſign the articles; 'come into the terms there offered.

'No, replied I, that I never will; my 'conſent ſhall never be given to autho- 'riſe your baſeneſs. Thoſe wicked terms 'I won't accept, ſo mention them no 'more.

'In this I will obey you, anſwered he; 'ſince you will not cloſe with the terms 'I have offered you, you ſhall be mine 'without conditions. I'll no longer wait 'for the fruition of thoſe joys which are 'within my power: I have been a curſed 'fool to trifle thus long.

'Help, help, cried I! but no one came 'near us; I did get from him, however, 'and ran to the door, rage at that in- 'ſtant lending me a ſtrange ſupply of 'ſtrength. Oh, how was I diſappointed!

'the

'the door was locked, I could not open 'it; upon which I cryed, Heaven, Hea-'ven, help me now! or I ſhall be undone!

'He followed me, but I would not 'let him touch me; I put him back with 'my arms, as well as I was able, ſaying, 'Here at the door, Sir William, if you 'offer any rudeneſs, I will call; ſurely 'ſome one of the family will hear, and 'come to my aſſiſtance.

'Vain is that hope, ſaid he; care is 'taken about it: No one is near us, I 'can aſſure you, but my ſervant, who 'will take care my private hours are not 'diſturbed; therefore, my ſweet girl, 'ceaſe your fooliſh reſiſtance, and let me 'lead, or carry you into your chamber.

'Oh! I will never enter it with you, 'ſaid I; ſet me down—ſet me down—I 'won't be carried, Sir—(for he had taken 'me up in his arms).

'Why, thou little ſimpleton, anſwered 'he, do you think yourſelf more ſafe in 'this room than in your chamber? Come, 'Letitia, don't trifle with me; I ſwear I 'won't be any longer trifled with; I

'am now determined to be happy at all 'events.

'Oh, ladies! what tongue can poſſibly 'expreſs my miſery at this inſtant? Is 'there, Oh, gracious Heaven, cryed I, 'no means left me of eſcaping? Sir Wil-'liam's ſword lay upon the table; I 'ſnatched it up, and, drawing it, by 'that action ſurprized him ſo, as to make 'him quit his hold of me, in order to 'get it out of my hand again.

'Good God! ſaid he, what can you 'mean, Letitia?

'What can you mean, Sir William? 'anſwered I. Why do you make me deſpe-'rate? I had rather die than yield. You 'ſhall not die, ſaid he, Come, come, a ſword 'is not a pretty play-thing for a woman; 'pray, Miſs---Nay, I will have it---you'll 'make me hurt your fingers---open your 'hand. He took it from me, and, hang-'ing it upon a peg, came to me, Once 'more, Letitia, ſaid he, though I am a 'fool ſo to do, I offer you the articles to 'ſign: Let me prevail on you; reduce 'me not to this deteſted violence.

'Oh,

'Oh, Heaven! anſwered I, was there 'ever a diſtreſs like mine? Gracious 'Heaven, aſſiſt me!---And ſurely it did 'aſſiſt me, for I was immediately inſpired 'with the following thought---I there-'fore, to Sir William's again deſiring me 'to conſider of the matter, after ſome 'little pauſe, replied---

'Upon one condition, I will, and but 'on one.

'Dear creature! and what is that one 'condition? anſwered he, eagerly.

'That you ſuffer me to paſs the re-'maining part of this night in an apart-'ment by myſelf, ſaid I; which, if you 'will promiſe, and keep that promiſe, you 'not attemping to moleſt me, I promiſe 'you, when we meet in the morning, 'to ſign your paper, and agree to the 'terms there propoſed.

'Good girl! ſaid he---But, Letitia, 'why will you defer my happineſs---why 'not make be bleſt this very night?

'Any requeſt of that kind will be in 'vain, anſwered I; for I aſſure you, Sir 'William, I am determined not to do

'more

'more than I have offered, and I think 'the terms I now have offered you, are 'ſo reaſonable, they ought to be complied 'with.

'He could not ſay but they were.---Yet 'if I could recede, if I would be won 'upon by his intreaty, it would be a 'mark of goodneſs which muſt eternally 'oblige him.

'Finding me determined, he was at 'length perſuaded to let me retire to the 'apartment allotted for me; which, ha-'ving entered, I made faſt the door by 'both locking and bolting it, after which, 'I ſat down to ruminate upon my dread-'ful ſituation.

'He had, I ſhould have mentioned, 'made me a moſt ſolemn promiſe at our 'parting, not to attempt entering my 'room all the night; and I was as ſo-'lemnly forced in return to promiſe him 'to ſign his articles, and come into all 'his meaſures, when we met the next 'day.

'This promiſe, however, God is my 'witneſs, at the time I made it, I had

'not

'not the leaſt intention of keeping, be-
'ing determined, if poſſible, in the night
'to make my eſcape; and I was no ſoon-
'er left by myſelf, than I ſet about con-
'triving the means for it.

'I remembered when we were upon the
'terrace the preceding day, I had ſeen,
'at about two miles diſtance, a village,
'which Sir William told me was Salt
'Hill, and that it lay in the high road
'to Bath, being uſually the ſtage for the
'firſt day's journey from London.

'Now, thought I to myſelf, if I can
'but get to Salt Hill, I may hire a poſt-
'chaiſe and make off; but then, where
'can I go? Where ſhall I ſeek protection?

'Heaven, doubtleſs, again inſpired
'me; for, my dear Miſs Cordelia, you
'was the firſt perſon I thought of in this
'emergency. Oh! cried I, could I
'get to Miſs Cordelia Harrington, and
'if ſhe would prevail upon Mrs Craw-
'ford to take me under her care, that
'would be happy indeed! This is a
'ſcheme worth trying.

'I then opened the ſhutter of my win-
'dow,

'dow, and putting up the ſaſh, looked 'out---The night was not very dark, ſo I 'could ſee to the ground, which was 'at ſo great a diſtance from me, that at 'firſt the thoughts of ſuch a leap rather 'ſtaggered my reſolution: However, I 'ſoon recollected myſelf, and the remem-'brance of my unhappy ſituation coming 'into my mind---

'Fooliſh creature, ſaid I, is the danger 'thou feareſt to encounter, in any degree 'to be compared with that from which 'thou wilt eſcape? Is not even the worſt 'which can happen, immediate death, 'to be deſired before the loſs of thy vir-'tue? Why then doſt thou heſitate one 'moment taking the only ſtep which can 'preſerve thy innocence?

'I now reſolved, at all events, to take 'the leap; but before I did it, took the 'cover of a letter out of my pocket, and, 'with my pencil, wrote a few lines to Sir 'William, telling him, that I only pro-'miſed to come into his terms in order 'to get out of his power, for that I ne-'ver would comply with them; and,

'next,

'next, that he might be miſled, and 'take a contrary courſe to that I intended 'to purſue, I bid him not ſeek for me at 'my couſin Chambers's; for that if he 'did, I was certain they would not let 'him ſee me.

'This paper I directed to him, and, 'leaving it upon the table, got out of the 'window, I can't well tell how, my fright 'was ſo very great. I did not, however, 'hurt myſelf, though I wonder I did not, 'the window being ſuch an height from 'the ground.

'Being got upon my feet, I conſi-'dered, as well as I was able, which way 'was the moſt likely to carry me to the 'village I wanted to make to; and Pro-'vidence ſo well guided my ſteps, that, 'juſt at break of day, I found myſelf not 'far from Salt Hill. I got to the Caſtle, 'I think, the ſign was, about ſix o'clock, 'and ordered a poſt-chaiſe to be got ready 'immediately. The man I ſpoke to 'ſeemed to eye me with an attention I 'did not much like, but I had a thought 'to amuſe him moſt ſurpriſingly ready.

'You

'You may well ſeem ſurpriſed, honeſt 'friend, ſaid I, to ſee a woman of my 'odd appearance on foot at this time in 'the morning. I have travelled all night, 'and the chaiſe I came in broke down a 'little way off; but I was in too great a 'hurry to ſtay till it could be repaired, 'being obliged to get to Bath to-night, a 'near relation lying there at the point 'of death---Pray, make haſte with the 'chaiſe, I want to be going.

'In a very ſhort time my equipage was 'ready; and, ladies, not to trouble you 'with an account of my journey, during 'which nothing remarkable happened, 'I ſhall only ſay that I got ſafe to Bath 'that night, arriving at the Tuns juſt as 'the clock ſtruck eight; the rewards I 'had given each of the fellows who drove 'me, inducing them to uſe, at my deſire, 'a more than ordinary ſpeed.

'Although I had taken the precaution 'of leaving a paper, in order to put Sir 'William upon a wrong ſcent, I own, I 'was not without great fears all the 'journey; and every carriage I heard

'upon

'upon the road, I thought might be in 'purſuit of me. But no ſuch misfor-'tune happened—I got ſafe into worthy 'Mrs Crawford's protection, and Sir 'William, I am informed, went directly 'to London, upon his miſſing me.

'And now, ladies, let me own, though 'you will perhaps deſpiſe me for ſuch a 'weakneſs; yet, as I am determined *now* 'to keep no one ſecret of my heart from 'you, I muſt own, that I ſtill love your 'brother—love him with a ſincere, and I 'am afraid, unalterable affection, not-'withſtanding the baſe, the cruel treat-'ment he has given me.

'I am angry with myſelf for this. I 'think it is in ſome meaſure deviating 'from the true principles of virtue; for 'muſt not virtue, if ſincere, deteſt all her 'aſſailants? Can ſhe love thoſe who would 'deſtroy her, and yet pay a due regard 'to herſelf? I fear, my dear ladies, I am 'hardly excuſeable; but indeed I do love 'the deſtroyer of my peace, he who would 'have been the deſtroyer of my virtue—'In ſpite of all my endeavours to the

'contrary, I do love him—I cannot hate 'him, though he would have acted by me 'in a manner that would have made me 'hate myſelf, if he had ſucceeded in his 'deſigns.

'God grant he may now ſee the wick-'edneſs of the action he would have com-'mitted, in its proper light; and, by re-'penting of this intentional crime, in 'that repentance feel ſuch a ſtrong con-'trition, as to make him for the future 'forbear the like attempts upon any o-'ther woman. May he likewiſe reap the 'fruits of ſuch repentance, and be hap-'py, not only in this life, but in that to 'come, is my ſincere wiſh.

'For this I ſhall never, while I live, 'ceaſe to ſupplicate the Almighty in his 'behalf; but my life, I fancy, will not 'be now of any very long date. I really, 'my dear ladies, cannot ſay I wiſh for 'long life; for, after what has happened 'to me, can I expect my portion will be 'compoſed of ought but bitterneſs and 'ſorrow? I therefore hope I ſhall not

'ſuffer

'ſuffer a chain of tedious woe; indeed I 'begin to find my health decay, which 'is no wonder, my mind continually la-'bouring under ſuch dreadful uneaſineſs.

'My friends are very good to me—I 'thank you, my dear Mrs Crawford, and 'you, Miſs Cordelia, for the aſſiſtance 'you are pleaſed to make Dr M. give me; 'but I fancy all his ſkill and all your care, 'will be too weak to preſerve, for any 'great length of time to come, a miſer-'able being, for ſuch I truly am. But 'I will not refuſe the aid your offer—I 'will carefully uſe all thoſe means of re-'recovery which are ordered for me; 'ſince, in my opinion, a contrary beha-'viour has much the ſame tendency as 'actually putting a period to one's life, 'and adopts the crime of ſinful deſpon-'dency, in lieu of the grace of patient 'reſignation to the woes, which perhaps '(as in my caſe) are but the conſequen-'ces of our own folly. I will therefore 'wait with patience the will of my Crea-'tor, he gave me life, and he only has 'a right to take it away. In duty to him,

'I will drag on, as long as he thinks 'proper, my wretched being, omitting 'nothing my friends ſhall adviſe for the 're-eſtabliſhment of my health, though 'all the future proſpects I have in life, 'ſeem to be filled with gloom and miſery; 'and though I muſt own it is my wiſh 'to die, yet I will wait with a becoming 'fortitude for my releaſe, which, if it 'ſhould be at a greater diſtance than I 'imagine, I will not murmur, but by a 'more than ordinary care in my future 'conduct, endeavour to atone for the 'paſt indiſcretions I have been guilty of, 'and retrieve my character.

'You, Miſs Julia, will doubtleſs ſee 'your brother; I wiſh you would inform 'him of my preſent ſituation, and of my 'firm, my unalterable reſolution of ne-'ver again putting myſelf into his power, 'in caſe he ſhould (as I hope he will not) 'make any future attempt; after which 'you may aſſure him, that I forgive 'what is paſt; that out of his own fa-'mily I never will mention the affair, or 'take any one ſtep which can in the leaſt

'degree

'degree tend to injure him, ſince I ſtill 'have for him ſuch a ſincere regard as to 'be highly concerned for his welfare, 'wiſhing him, in all reſpects, proſperous 'and happy.

'But in return for ſuch conduct on my 'part, I hope he will obſerve the ſame 'with regard to me. He is not, I hope, 'in all reſpects a libertine; and there-'fore, though diſappointed in his deſign, 'will not declare he has ſucceeded, as 'many libertines have done, caſting, by 'that means, a ſtain upon the reputation 'of an innocent woman, which the 'ſtricteſt uniformity of behaviour on her 'ſide can never after wipe off. No, ſurely 'Sir William Harrington will not act 'thus by me! I could wiſh he would let 'the affair ſink into a total oblivion, ne-'ver to any one (except his aunts and 'ſiſters) making it the topic of his diſ-'courſe, ſince, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, 'if the whole was to be diſcovered, no-'thing but the ſtricteſt truth being told, 'I ſhould appear in a very diſadvanta-'geous light; I ſhould be deemed very

'imprudent, even in the eyes of thoſe 'perſons who were my friends; and 'how much more ſo to thoſe who have 'no kind of partiality to plead in my be-'half!

'Therefore, my dear Miſs Harrington, 'beg your brother, by that regard he 'made me believe he had for me, never, 'among his companions, to mention the 'affair, or in any other reſpect to injure 'the reputation of a woman whoſe virtue 'and honour are very dear to her, not-'withſtanding an unhappy paſſion led her 'into errors which cannot be defended.

'And now, Lady C. and Miſs Har-'rington, I muſt, with gratitude, inform 'you of the tender care I received from 'your worthy aunt and amiable ſiſter. 'They omit no one thing in their power 'which can poſſibly relieve or divert me. 'I am not able to go out, or to ſee any 'company, ſo they confine themſelves 'almoſt continually at home, never both 'leaving me at one time, and admit of 'very few viſitants except Mrs Stanhope, 'to whom the ſtory, ſo wiſely contrived

'by

'by you, Miſs Julia, has been told,
'which induces that amiable lady alſo to
'become one of my comforters.

'I have, to be ſure, all the comforts
'my unhappy ſtate of mind will admit
'of: But, Oh, there is a canker on my
'mind which eats away the balm of
'comfort, ſuffering none to remain long
'enough to heal the wound! I feel the
'corroding ſmart both day and night;
'ſleep and I ſeem to be grown perfect
'ſtrangers to each other. Laſt night I
'found an uncommon reſtleſſneſs, and
'leſs inclination not only to ſleep, but to
'any tolerable compoſure of mind, there-
'fore, perceiving my ſweet bedfellow,
'dear Miſs Cordelia, was faſt in the arms
'of ſoft repoſe, I got up, and going in-
'to our dreſſing-room, took a pen in or-
'der to divert my penſiveneſs.

'You know, ladies, I have ſometimes
'aimed at poetry, and now *to Sleep*, ha-
'ving courted it in vain, I addreſſed the
'following lines, which being wrote off
'hand, and by a perſon in ſuch diſtreſs,

'you

'you muſt make kind allowances for all 'their defects.

'An ADDRESS to SLEEP.

'*Come, care-diſpelling ſleep,*
'*Thy wings in Lethe ſteep,*
'*And hover o'er my breaſt*
'*With various woes oppreſt;*
'*Soft images inſtill*
'*Into my fancy, till*
'*Thy opiates diſpenſe*
'*Their kindly influence*
'*On all the pow'rs of ſenſe!*
'*Which being gently preſt,*
'*Yield, and ſink down to reſt.*
'*As winds reſign their pow'r,*
'*Lull'd by the melting ſhow'r,*
'*Quit by degrees their ire,*
'*And in a calm expire.*

'After having finiſhed theſe lines, I 'did not, from any weight which I per-'ceived upon my eye-lids, find that my 'petition was heard, or at leaſt granted. 'Alas! ſaid I, 'tis not for thoſe diſturbed 'in

'in mind like me, to hope for ſweet re-
'poſe: I therefore did not go to bed a-
'gain; but, having tired my pen, took
'up a volume of plays which Miſs Cor-
'delia had left upon the table, and hap-
'pened to open the book, juſt at the fol-
'lowing ſpeech of Alicia in Jane Shore.'

'*The drowſy night grows on the world, and now*
'*The buſy Craftſman and o'er-labour'd hind*
'*Forget the travails of the day in ſleep!*
'*Care only wakes, and moping Penſiveneſs,*
'*With meagre, diſcontented looks they ſit*
'*And watch the waſting of the midnight taper!*
'*Such vigils muſt I keep—ſo wakes my ſoul,*
'*Reſtleſs and ſelf-tormented! Oh, falſe*
Haſtings!
'*Thou haſt deſtroy'd my peace!*

'Ah, Alicia! ſaid I to myſelf, thy caſe
'was bad indeed! far worſe than mine!
'thou hadſt a cutting reflection to ſting
'thee to the ſoul; the loſs of virtue!
'Mine, thanks to Heaven for its care of
'me, is ſafe: And yet, when I think on
'the danger I ſo indiſcreetly run myſelf

'into,

'into, I am ſtung by that reflection, and 'am thereupon like thee, *reſtleſs and 'ſelf-tormented.*

'Yes, my dear ladies, I now ſee all 'my actions for ſome months paſt, in 'their proper light, and am heartily 'aſhamed of the many indiſcretions I 'have been guilty of; but I hope my 'preſent penitence will atone, in your 'opinion, for the faults I have commit-'ted, while I ſuffered my reaſon to be ſo 'fooliſhly overpowered and led by paſ-'ſion; and that now I have, with the 'trueſt ſincerity of heart, diſguiſing no 'one particular, laid my caſe before you, 'I beg you'll judge of me in as favour-'able a manner, as the circumſtances 'will admit of; conſidering with my 'actions, the motives and inducements 'I had for ſo acting.

'And, now, ladies, I once more im-'plore your pardon for having had the 'preſumption to raiſe my thoughts ſo 'high as to hope for an alliance with 'your family: Had I acted as I ought 'to have done, (the many favours I had

'received

'received from you conſidered), I ſhould 'from the firſt have told you of the af- 'fair, and truſted to your generoſity; 'and this be aſſured I ſhould have done, 'had I been allowed to follow the dictates 'of my own heart upon the occaſion; 'for I hate deceit of any kind, and for 'that I have uſed towards you, even at 'the time I uſed it, deſpiſed myſelf. But 'Sir William had laid me under a ſtrict 'promiſe, never to open my lips to either 'of you about it; ſaying, if I did, it 'would entirely defeat our ſcheme: *His 'ſcheme* indeed it would have defeated, 'ſince a diſcovery of the affair on my 'ſide to you, would doubtleſs have led 'you, ladies, to talk to him upon the 'ſubject, when he muſt have declared '(not meaning to marry me) he meant 'no more then gallantry; which decla- 'ration communicated to me, would 'have put me early on my guard.

'No, no, Miſs Julia, if I had made you 'my confident when you uſed ſo charm- 'ingly to lead to it (perhaps intention- 'ally) then all the preſent ills I labour

'under,

'under, would have been prevented;
'you would, ſome way or other, have
'brought things to a proper concluſion,
'and then if Sir William and I had part-
'ed, it would have been with real ho-
'nour upon my ſide, and the appearance
'of it on his. I ſhould not then have
'had this cutting reflection to have tor-
'mented me, That the man whom I have
'loved beyond myſelf would have been ſo
'baſe, as to have involved me in endleſs
'ruin! and that I have been ſo weak, ſo
'faulty in my conduct, as to give him
'opportunities which had near compleat-
'ed his deſign.

'I will, however, add no more (in-
'deed ladies, I fear you muſt think I
'have been moſt impertinently tedious
'already) than to beg your friendly o-
'pinion of all I have written: A wretch-
'ed ſcrole, penned down at many diffe-
'rent times; my weak ſtate of mind
'and body, not permitting me to write
'long together; but ſuch as the con-
'tents are, however incorrect they may
'be, I aſſure you they are, to the beſt of
'my

'my preſent capacity and power, the 'true and undiſguiſed account, of the 'late unhappy affair, and the ſincere, the 'real ſentiments not in the leaſt gloſſed 'over by any falſe colouring, of, my 'ever dear and honoured ladies,

'Your highly obliged,

'Truly grateful,

'and ſincerely affectionate,

'LETITIA RANDALL.'

LETTER LXXV.

Miſs HARRINGTON to Lady C.

New Bond-ſtreet, April 15.

IN two franks, for one would by no means contain the whole, I ſend you, my dear ſiſter, Letitia's narrative concerning herſelf, and our wicked, very wicked brother. Oh! Lady C. how artfully has he proceeded, in order to enſnare the virtue of that poor girl! ſhe

has been ſo ſeverely puniſhed for her indiſcretion, and is ſo truly convinced of her errors, that I think ſhe requires condolance rather than reproof, I ſhall therefore write to her, and give her all the conſolation in my power.

Sir William (I can't with patience call him brother now he has behaved ſo vilely) has not yet been at our houſe; but now, as Lord S. informs me, ſtays whole days at home in a ſad dejected kind of humour, his dear inſeparable friend Renholds, however, always attending upon him. His Lordſhip is now of their party too, when they are at Groſvenor-ſquare, and it ſeems they try all the art they are able with him, in order to find out where Miſs Randall is, or if I am privy to her concealment.

Really, Miſs Harrington, ſaid Lord S. to me yeſterday, Sir William has now, I think, ſmarted ſufficiently; you ſay the lady is very bad, I am ſure ſo is he, in moſt reſpects appearing like a mad man. Indeed you ſhould take compaſſion upon him, and let him know where ſhe is; her being

being ſafe, I am certain, will give him pleaſure.

A wretch! anſwered I, let him ſuffer; he richly deſerves it.

What! have you no pity, Madam? returned his Lordſhip — You know, my dear *Sylvia*, *that generous pity's the darling of Heaven;* you therefore ſhould ſhew pity.

True, my Lord, replied I; but it ſhould not be ſhewn in a wrong place, or beſtowed improperly, for pity then is *folly*. Now in my opinion, nothing can do ſo much good, or be ſo likely to work a reformation upon ſuch a mind as my brother's, as deep and very heavy ſufferings.

But ſurely, anſwered he, thoſe ſufferings ought not to continue for ever— You are a very cruel judge indeed, my dear Julia—Come, let me beg you to grant me one favour—It is, that if I can perſuade Sir William to pay you a viſit here at Mrs Montague's, you will read to him that account Miſs Randall has given of herſelf, which you have juſt favoured me with the peruſal of.

Bleſs me! ſaid I, what a ſtrange requeſt is this! and how very improper, my Lord, to be granted!

Pardon me, anſwered he, for differing from you with regard to my opinion in this caſe. I really think it the moſt proper ſtep which can be taken; ſince, at the ſame time it aſſures him the lady is in a place of ſafety, it will convince him that ſhould he have formed any future deſigns upon her virtue, all attempts of that kind will be fruitleſs, ſince, in that paper, ſhe declares ſhe has written the true ſentiments of her heart; and thoſe ſentiments, all of them, in a ſtrong manner, oppoſe even a thought of her ever yielding to any unlawful terms.

Now, Lady C. what do you think of his Lordſhip's ſcheme? For my part, and ſo I told him, I am determined not to act at all in the caſe till I have your opinion concerning it—I leave it entirely to you. But if you agree to what he propoſes, ſend me back the account, which I will then read to Sir William; that is—pray mind theſe words of his advocate

advocate—" If he can be perſuaded to " pay me a viſit at Mrs Montague's."

Very pretty this is truly, that a man who ought to be aſhamed of what he has done, and upon that account, ſue to enter the preſence of his aunt and ſiſter with fear and trembling, ſhould on the contrary, aſſume ſuch lofty airs as theſe, and want to be intreated to come, when our door is open to receive him! Oh, ſiſter! what liberties theſe men may take! They, you find, may—

——————— *rove*
Free and unqueſtion'd thro' the wilds of love!'

And how faulty ſoever they may have been in that particular, not abate one jot of their lordly pride. In this, how very ſhamefully partial is cuſtom to their ſide!

But all the men, good or bad, for my part are, I think, ſtrange creatures! Lord S. after having pleaded for his friend, at laſt began to plead for himſelf—Yes,

Lady C. yeſterday he had the confidence to aſk me to fix a time for being his.

Why, man, replied I, you really aſtoniſh me—In the midſt of ſuch a pack of troubles as encompaſs us, how canſt thou have a thought of any ſuch thing?

My ſweet angel! anſwered he, when we are in diſtreſs, then is the time we have moſt need of comfort.

Here Mrs Montague came in, and ſeeing me look very much confuſed, aſked the occaſion? Oh, Madam! replied I, Lord S. is ſo audacious, I can't well tell you.

Mrs Montague, ſaid the confident wretch, I'll tell you myſelf, and am certain, when you know the merits of the cauſe, you'll be on my ſide. I have been requeſting Miſs Harrington to fix a day for making me the moſt happy of men.

Yes, yes, my Lord, I am on your ſide, indeed, anſwered my aunt. I really think it high time ſuch a ſtep ſhould be taken—Surely, ſhe cannot wiſh to trifle any longer—does ſhe?

She

She has not yet given me any poſitive anſwer, returned he, ſo I am in great hopes I may conſtrue her ſilence into conſent.

Very pretty, very pretty, truly, ſaid I, (quite vexed to ſee how happy and cunning they both looked, while I was ſo uneaſy) and ſo, man, thought I, thy time of triumph ſeems to be already come.

He was ſo highly encouraged by my aunt, that he proceeded to be very impertinent, and preſſed me to fix the day in ſuch a confident manner as really ſurpriſed me; for I could not have thought he had ſo much ſpirit in him, that is, in any thing which ſo evidently appeared to contradict my will and pleaſure.

But now he ſeemed wholly to regard his own will; for not all my frowns and pettiſhneſs could ſilence him. I then attempted to rally him out of his purpoſe; but I knew not how it was, or what ailed me, I was quite at a loſs, my knack for repartee failing me. In ſhort, at laſt I had no way left me to come off but in this manner.

I ſaid I ſhould write to you as this day, and promiſed, when you had returned anſwers to ſome queſtions I ſhould propoſe to you, I would give him my anſwer accordingly. And ſurely the deuce was in the man, for he ſeemed vaſtly well pleaſed at this; for, ſaid he, I make no doubt, my dear Julia, (he always takes the liberty of calling me *his* dear Julia now) Lady C. will be an advocate for me, as well as good Mrs Montague.

A fine opinion this man muſt have of himſelf, don't you think ſo, ſiſter? to imagine he can draw all my family into a conſpiracy in his favour againſt me. I hardly dare aſk you, Conſtantia, for your advice upon this head. I fear, indeed, if I do, that his Lordſhip is in the right of it, and that you will really give it againſt me, and for him.

Lord bleſs me! that ever the gay, the giddy Julia Harrington, ſhould be ſo far drove, as at laſt to be reduced to the neceſſity of fixing! But ſo it is, and too true to make a joke of.

Now

Now perhaps you will be wicked enough to rejoice in this diſtreſs of mine: But if you are, pray don't tell me ſo, for I am not in a humour good enough at preſent to bear that; ſo if you are diverted, keep it between yourſelves in Nottinghamſhire—don't ſend me an account of it, I beſeech you.

I don't, as uſual, conclude this letter with a deſire of hearing from you very ſoon; ſince the coming of your anſwer, what a ſtate will that involve me in, if I keep my promiſe with Lord S.? If, did I ſay? Alas! the caſe will not admit of any If at all. A promiſe is, and ought to be, held a ſacred thing, and upon no account whatſoever ſhould be broken. I therefore cannot, muſt not be worſe than my word; and ſo you ſee, my dear Lady C. you are the goddeſs in whoſe power is the fate (marrying goes by fate, they ſay) of your at preſent not a little diſtreſſed

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVI.

Miſs CORDELIA to Miſs JULIA HARRINGTON.

Bath, April 20.

MISS Randall begs me to convey to you her moſt grateful acknowledgements for the kind letter you ſent her after reading her account. You are too good to her, ſhe ſays, and ſhe is ſo entirely borne down beneath the weight of the obligation, ſhe can't find words proper to expreſs ſufficiently her ſenſe of it. The incloſed, however, ſhe has juſt brought me, wherein, I ſuppoſe, ſhe gives you ſome account of the ſtate of her mind and health—Both, in my opinion, are ſtill in a very bad way, though Dr M. does not ſeem to be ſo much alarmed as I am; but he did not know her when ſhe was the lively, gay Letitia, which we, my dear ſiſter, have known her,

her, when ſhe herſelf anſwered the deſcription of the poet, whoſe words ſhe tells me Lord C. once repeated to Conſtantia—

Love darting eyes and treſſes like the morn.

Such was Letitia—But now how altered! How very different does ſhe appear! Her grief—

——Like a worm i' th' bud,
Feeds on her damaſk cheek.

She endeavours, though I muſt do her the juſtice to own, to be as chearful as ſhe can; and having been a witneſs to the courtſhip between Lord C. and our ſiſter, obliges my aunt and me with all the account of it ſhe is able.

We are charmed beyond meaſure with him and his behaviour. Oh, how I long to ſee this worthy new made brother! As to our own, our wicked brother, he, I fear, will ſhortly have this poor girl's death

death to anſwer for—pray Heaven I may be miſtaken!

Sir James Stanhope is at length releaſed from all the pains of this world, and the Colonel (now Sir James, by the death of his uncle) is to be at Bath in about a fortnight, or as ſoon as all neceſſary affairs are ſettled; he has correſponded with me ever ſince his being at Canterbury, but never yet given me an hint, agreeable to what you ſo madly wrote, *viz.*

"I Colonel Stanhope, *&c.*"

But in a letter Mrs Stanhope received from him immediately upon the old gentleman's deceaſe, I think the matter is ſet into a light clear enough—She gave me the letter to read.

In the firſt place, he mentions coming into an eſtate of 5000 l. a-year, which is quite clear, after all legacies are paid—A good houſe at Canterbury, and a fine ſeat about ten miles from the town, at which Sir James had not for ſome years reſided, upon the account of his ill ſtate of health, it

it being neceſſary for him to be in a ſituation to have help at a moment's warning.

"And now, ſiſter, ſays he, with all this "great acquiſition of fortune, if an e- "vent far more deſirable and conducive "to my happineſs ſhould be determined "againſt me, I ſhall not enjoy either my "title or eſtate. There is a lady whom "I have for ſome time moſt ardently "loved; but being till now convinced "of my inability to demand her with "any hopes of ſucceſs, upon the ſcore "of my deficiency in the article of for- "tune, I have been hitherto ſilent upon a "ſubject which was ever near my heart, "and which was continually ſpringing "to my lips; but I denied it utterance, "never ſuffering my tongue to expreſs "any thing beyond the bounds of friend- "ſhip.

"The caſe is altered now, and I reſolve "to ſpeak more plain. Oh, ſiſter Har- "riet! if Miſs Harrington will approve "my paſſion, I ſhall be the happieſt of "men!"

Now, Julia, is not this plain enough? Oh, what a flutter I was in, when I read —"There is a lady!" My heart beat both with hope and fear, and I longed, yet dreaded to know her name, leſt it ſhould not be the lady I wiſhed it might. But when I came to *Miſs Harrington*, I was very eaſy; for he does not know you, ſiſter, ſo I may reſt ſecure of being the perſon.

When I had gone through with the letter, I gave it back to Mrs Stanhope, ſaying, like a fool, Lord, my dear friend, what ſhall I do?

Make my brother the happieſt of men, anſwered ſhe; for I can anſwer for him, that he will uſe all his endeavours, were you his, to render you the happieſt of women. But I won't diſtreſs you, I don't aſk you to tell *me* your intentions; he will be at Bath very ſoon himſelf, and then a declaration of your mind in his favour from your lips, will give him an higher pleaſure, than it can poſſibly do if delivered by my pen.

By

By her pen, Julia—So then the letter, I ſuppoſe, was ſent her with a deſign to be ſhewn to me, upon reading of which, if I chanced to let fall an unguarded expreſſion, ſhe was to inform the Colonel of it. Very pretty tricks theſe between a brother and ſiſter, in order to intrap a poor girl! the world, I think for my part, is made up of nothing elſe but plots and contrivances; even good people, you ſee, can't help ſcheming.

I would not, however, ſeem to take any notice of that expreſſion of hers—this was a ſcheme of mine; for, thought I, ſhe may have let it fall by chance, and if I obſerve it to her, ſhe may be more upon her guard for the future, and I be let into no more of her mind than he chooſes to let me; whereas, by taking no notice of a ſlip when ſhe makes one, ſhe may be more heedleſs, and by that means make others, ſometimes ſuffering me to come at a little truth by the bye.

Now, Julia, did you ever think your Cordelia would have turned plotter? See

the fruits of reading the plots and contrivances of other people; they put us upon the like ourſelves.

Pray let me hear, from time to time, all that paſſes in London---when Lord S. and you come to ſome certain determination. This aunt Crawford ſays, it is high time you ſhould; ſhe thinks your man can't be a man of any ſpirit, to let you be quiet ſo long, or elſe don't care whether he has you or not. Sad things both of theſe, Julia: But I hope you will ſoon convince us that neither of theſe imputations are deſerved, by giving an account that the day is fixed which is ſo truly wiſh'd for by

Your

C. HARRINGTON.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVII.

Miſs HARRINGTON to Lady C.

New Bond-ſtreet, April 22.

IN purſuance of your advice, my dear ſiſter, I commiſſioned Lord S. to give an invitation to Sir William to my aunt's houſe: This Mrs Montague permitted me to do, but would not condeſcend to give it herſelf.

He yeſterday gave us the honour of his company, and by the ſtatelineſs of his air when he firſt came, ſeemed to indicate he thought he did us an *honour*. Oh, theſe men! what ſtrange creatures! Lords of the creation, indeed, they take upon themſelves to be.

His viſit was to drink tea, and Lord S. came with him. My aunt received him with great reſerve, but I endeavoured to put on as eaſy a deportment as I was able, while the ſervant waited, that no notice might be taken of our ſad family

diſagreement, and I hope no very unuſual coolneſs in our behaviour to each other on this occaſion. When the tea-equipage was removed, he thus began.

There is a particular, Miſs Harrington, I muſt beg you will inform me of ——Where a certain lady of our acquaintance conceals herſelf? Lord S. I can aſſure you has been true to his truſt, and notwithſtanding the diſtraction he knew I laboured under upon that account, has cruelly denied, to this moment, to give me the leaſt ſatisfaction.

At the mention of the lady, Mrs Montague's indignation grew very high, ſhe could not contain it, and, with a face crimſoned over with rage, ſhe broke out--

Vile man! you have acted in a fine manner indeed by that lady. Oh, how I grieve to think a nephew of mine ſhould be ſuch a baſe deceiver, ſuch a villain!

You are mighty warm upon the ſubject, Madam, ſaid he.

Warm, Sir William! in the cauſe of injured virtue, every woman of virtue certainly ought to be warm.

But,

But, Madam, I ſuppoſe, anſwered he, you are not ignorant of my not having injured Miſs Randall's virtue.

Oh, wretch! replied my aunt, was that owing to your virtue, or hers? Don't think to come off ſo; your guilty deſign is fully known to us; the poor girl has wrote an account of the whole proceeding, which account is now in my niece Julia's poſſeſſion.

I hope then, Miſs Julia (turning to me) you will let me ſee that account, ſaid my brother. I ſhall like to read the pretty frighted Letitia's deſcription of the *dreadful ſcene*, as doubtleſs, ladies, you all ſtile it.

Fye, Sir William, fye, anſwered I; no ſarcaſm, no ludicrous turn of wit, I beg you. This is not a time for jeſting, when the life of the woman you have ſo highly injured, is in imminent danger.

How! cried he, is ſhe then ill?

Do you wonder at it? replied I. Pray, Sir William, conſider her ſituation.

Dear Julia, where is ſhe? What is her ſituation? For Heaven's ſake tell me—do not trifle.

I will not trifle, brother; Miſs Randall is at Bath with my aunt Crawford; thither ſhe flew when ſhe made her eſcape from you at Windſor, and has ever ſince been in that good lady's protection.

Good God! cried he, with marks of high aſtoniſhment in his countenance, what an expedient was this for her to hit upon! But, ſiſter, the particulars of her eſcape? Pray ſatisfy my curioſity; I want much to hear them.

If I may adviſe, ſaid Lord S. I think, Miſs Harrington, you had beſt let Sir William have the lady's own account of the matter; ſuffer that paper to be brought I once was favoured with a ſight of.

I went to my cloſet and fetched Letitia's narration, but was too much concerned for her to read it myſelf, ſo giving it to Lord S. begged him to do it for me.

He read every part of it, from her firſt addreſs to us, omitting nothing. I narrowly watched my brother's looks; Oh! how creſt-fallen did he appear, on hearing ſuch a pathetic account of his wickedneſs.

wickedneſs. Remorſe at the moment, I really believe touched his ſoul; and not all his confidence could hinder his diſcovering ſome marks of it.

Mrs Montague, good woman! leſt the text ſhould not be ſufficiently explicit, as Lord S. went on, often put in her comments, which ſtill more diſtreſſed him.

When we came to the part containing thoſe good wiſhes expreſſed for his welfare, her forgiveneſs of his vile treatment, and the like, his conſcience, I ſuppoſe, awakened from a long ſleep, he ſaid to himſelf, a tear at the ſame time ſtarting to his eye, Generous girl! thou didſt indeed deſerve better treatment; I have uſed thee vilely!

Yes, haſtily cried my aunt, ſo you have; and for my part I don't know what you can now do, in order to make her proper reparation.

He muſt repent of his crime, ſaid I; he muſt give her a ſolemn promiſe never to injure her more. This is all he can do.

No, anſwered Mrs Montague, not all; he may offer to marry her.

To

To this he made a low bow, ſaying, I am greatly obliged to you for the kind hint, Madam; and when I think of putting it in execution, I ſhall doubtleſs make the offer: At preſent, I can aſſure you, it is not in my thoughts.

What, I ſuppoſe, replied my aunt, you think yourſelf above her, do you, becauſe you were born to an eſtate and a title? But you ought to conſider, Sir, that in virtue ſhe is your ſuperior; this ſets her above you; ſhe deſerves a better fortune than being married to ſuch a vile rake as you are.

May Miſs Randall's fortune be anſwerable to her merits, Madam, replied he, that is all the harm I wiſh her. Lord S. we are rude to interrupt you thus; come, Charles, proceed with your pretty preachment there.

When Lord S. had gone through the paper, Sir William begged me to let him have a copy of it.

What, ſaid I, to read and make a joke of among your libertine companions, when you all meet next? You will, I ſuppoſe,

ſuppoſe, join to harden the hearts of each other, and then laugh at the poor girl's misfortunes! No, brother, indeed I can't conſent to that.

By Heaven, anſwered he, not one of my companions (whom you, Miſs, honour with ſo polite an epithet) no, not even Jack Renholds, ſhall ever ſee the copy, if you will let me have one. Pray, ſiſter, oblige me.

Yes, Miſs Harrington, pray do, ſaid Lord S. let me beg in favour of Sir William.

Why indeed, ſaid Mrs Montague, I don't think it will be amiſs, Julia, to let him have a copy of the paper, if he promiſes not to ſhew it to any body. Out of this ſcheme ſome good may come; for ſurely when he coolly reads an account of ſuch high diſtreſs, he the vile occaſion too of that diſtreſs, muſt be ſenſibly affected by it; he muſt admire the girl's noble reſiſtance; muſt revere her virtue; and, if he reveres virtue, one may hope he will be inclined to practiſe it, which I

am ſure would be an happy turn for himſelf and family.

We had more diſcourſe upon the ſubject, much to the ſame purpoſe, and, after my brother had promiſed not to ſhew the paper to any one, or to talk of the contents, I conſented to let Lord S. take a copy of it for him, which is his employment to-day, and I am to give it Sir William on his calling for it this evening.

Now, ſiſter, I muſt tell you how I had raiſed my hopes, and how they were diſappointed; they roſe on that contrition I thought I diſcovered in my brother's looks while the narrative was reading; I really did conceive great hopes from this, that he would make Miſs Randall reparation by marrying her (if marrying her after his uſage can be deemed reparation) but of this there can now be no thoughts; his reply to my aunt deſtroys all hope of that kind, ſince he declares it is not in his thoughts ſo to do.

And

And if it was, Lady C. we can't be at all certain ſhe would, as matters have been carried, marry him. In my opinion, a woman of virtue, (and ſuch I may ſurely pronounce Letitia to be) muſt deſpiſe, though ſhe cannot hate, the man who could make ſuch a vile attempt as our brother has done; and though ſhe can't diveſt herſelf of all remains of affection for him ſhe once ſo tenderly loved, believing him then worthy of her love; when ſhe finds him in the end to be unworthy, by a baſeneſs of behaviour not to be excuſed, ſhe muſt loath, ſhe muſt reject with diſdain an union with him.

Theſe are my ſentiments upon the matter, and I am certain, I could never bring myſelf to think of a man as an huſband, who had attempted to violate my honour; all women, it may be, are not ſo very nice as I am in this particular, and perhaps it is not abſolutely neceſſary they ſhould; for—

But I muſt quit this ſubject—I have already wrote near as much as time will

permit me before the poſt goes out, and have not yet touched upon a very material article.

I'll take my dear ſiſter's advice, and no longer triſle with Lord S. who is certainly, as men now go, very worthy; if he is not quite the unexceptionable character that your Lord is, yet compare him with ſome others I *could name*, and how bright he will appear!

When your letter came, he was with me, and inſtantly reminded me of the promiſe I had made him of complying with ſuch advice as you ſhould give.

Be quiet, man, ſaid I, and let me read my letter.

No, my dear Julia, no, ſaid he, (taking hold of my arm) you muſt read it in my preſence—you ſhall not go.

Muſt and *ſhan't*—fine language, indeed! anſwered I, and a fine encouragement for me to inveſt you with power! Come, come, Lord S. you and I are two ſtrange creatures; we ſhall, I fear, ſo ill agree, if cooped up in one cage,

cage, I think we had better, let my ſiſter adviſe as ſhe will, keep as we are, for—

He ſuffered me not to proceed, but with an air mixed with rage, and an indifference at the ſame time, which made me tremble, he thus interrupted.

Do you really think ſo, Miſs Harrington? If ſo, it muſt, it ſhall be as you pleaſe; for I don't flatter myſelf ſo far as to think my happineſs will have any weight with you. But, Madam, I am determined not to go on at this rate. I will be at ſome certainty; indeed you don't now, nor ever did uſe me well.

And he then walked about the room in a great paſſion.

So, thought I, this is mighty pretty, truly; where will it end, I wonder? Oh, ſiſter! I now repented of my flippant folly, and much blamed myſelf for it. I knew not what to ſay, or what to do; ſo I opened your letter, pretending to read that, and not mind him. I could not much attend to what you ſaid; however, I run the epiſtle over, and his Lordſhip having caſt an eye that way,

perceiving I had got to the end of it, now approached me. He put on a look, conſidering all things, tolerably reſpectful and tender—Madam, ſaid he, what does Lady C. adviſe?

I bluſhed, ſiſter, at the advice you gave me. I don't know how to tell you, indeed, Lord S. ſaid I.

Is ſhe for or againſt my intereſt? Pray tell me that, dear Miſs Harrington. Does ſhe adviſe fixing the happy day immediately.

She does, replied I, looking, I am ſure, moſt ruefully ſimple as I ſpoke.

He hid my confuſion, by folding his arms about me. If not for my ſake, ſaid he, if my intreaties cannot move you to a ſpeedy determination in my favour, let the advice of a ſiſter, whoſe advice you have ever taken in all material things, now influence you as I could wiſh. Do, my charmer, name the day, which will make your adoring Charles the happieſt of men.

Oh! cried I, what ſhall I do? Indeed, indeed, I cannot fix the day. Spare me, dear Lord S. pray ſpare me.

Let me name it then, anſwered he, and ſave you the trouble.

Well, replied I, do ſo, and let me ſee what ſort of a conſcience you have.

A week from this is all I can allow of, ſaid he; and that, my dear Julia, will ſeem an age to me.

If you had named a month, inſtead of a week, it would have ſounded more reaſonable, returned I. I find you men are not to be truſted with power.

A *week*, anſwered he, would have been my choice——a *month* ſeems to be yours. Well, my ſweet angel, your will ſhall be obeyed; I'll give up my time, yours ſhall be the time. This day month you will then become mine, abſolutely mine.

I did not promiſe that, my Lord.

Do not contradict it, my dear, anſwered he, and that I will look upon as the ſame thing. I'll not diſtreſs my angel any farther. Am I not very good to you? Come, I muſt reward myſelf. And then, an impudent wretch, he joined his ſaucy lips to mine—Joined them, I may

juſtly ſay, for I thought he intended to let them grow there.

When I could ſpeak, You are very audacious, ſaid I, indeed I have a good mind to puniſh you, by—

Huſh, huſh, interrupted he, or I will puniſh you again. No alteration of mind, I beg you, unleſs—putting his arms about me.

Agreed, agreed, ſaid I—I wont ſpeak; be quiet, and there ſhall be no alteration.

Theſe men, theſe impudent men, Lady C. there is no ſuch thing as dealing with them—What ſtrange ways they have of gaining any point they want to gain.

Alas, for me! my fate is now fixed! Lord help me! when I think of it, I am in a ſtrange flutter---As I hope to live, I almoſt wiſh it was over; and yet---Oh, dear! I don't know what to wiſh. Hurried, and almoſt frighted to death, is at preſent

Your

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.

Lady C. to Miſs JULIA HARRINGTON.

C. Park, April 26.

NOW, my dear Julia, I ſincerely congratulate you upon a proſpect of real happineſs; for ſuch with Lord S. I make no queſtion you will enjoy. You had indeed trifled long enough. See, you had almoſt loſt him! Oh, that behaviour of his, when at ſuch a critical moment you reſumed your coquettiſh airs! How this ought to have alarmed you: It did ſo, I make no doubt, for that you truly love Lord S. has long been a caſe out of all diſpute with me.

All, however, is now ſettled juſt as I could wiſh. And really at laſt, when it came to the point, I don't think you acted much amiſs.

You mention nothing about my coming to town; and indeed as you have

our

our good aunt Montague with you, it is not needful for me to take the journey; but nevertheleſs, if you deſire it, I will, though I have reaſon to deſire being excuſed, which you, my Julia, when you have been married as long as your ſiſter, may be very ſenſibly acquainted with. But don't let this alarm your fears, for I am in perfect health; and the Earl, to whom my condition has been made known by his dutiful ſon, who, for my part, I think conceals nothing from his father, is ſo delighted, and fonder of me, if poſſible, than ever.

He wiſhes Lord C. and I would not leave him, and offers to let the houſe be ours, if we will ſtay in it. But I don't approve the ſcheme; ſuch a mixture of family ſeldom long continues in perfect concord; diſputes will ſometimes ariſe, So I think it is beſt for my Lord and me to go at the purpoſed time to the houſe which is now fitting up for our reception. I hope to be ſettled in it before an event happens, which---Ah, my ſiſter! an event, I own, I can't help dreading!

Do,

Do, my dear girl, let me have all the account of your wedding, your ſpirits on that occaſion (I make no doubt a little hurried) will ſuffer you to give me. Aunt Montague is, I know, no ſort of ſcribe, ſo from you I muſt expect all I do receive. You have no ready-penn'd ſiſter, Julia, to write for you, as I had when in the ſame ſituation.

You begin to be in a great buſtle, I conclude--- the ſame over again which I occaſioned ſome time ago. Well, my dear, I moſt ſincerely wiſh you happy, and may the ſtep which you are going to take, prove, as I hope it will, the chief means of making you ſo. Pray let me hear from you as much, and as often as you poſſibly can, for I ſhall long to know how you proceed on ſo important an occaſion.

Incloſed you find a letter to our brother, which I hope will have the effect upon him which is wiſhed by

Your truly affectionate ſiſter,

CONSTANTIA C.

LETTRER

LETTER LXXIX.

Lady C. to Sir WILLIAM HARRINGTON.

C. Park, April 26.

THough I fear, brother, all the arguments I can make uſe of, will have no great weight with you, if you can deſpiſe the checks of conſcience, as you muſt have done, before you could act in the vile manner you have acted by a worthy woman; yet, as I think it my duty to admoniſh, I will do ſo, which is the occaſion of my writing to you upon this ſubject, and at this ſeaſon.

That I have the moſt affectionate regard for you which ever warmed the breaſt of a ſiſter towards a brother, all my former behaviour, through every part of my life, muſt have ſufficiently convinced you. Judge then, judge yourſelf, how cutting a ſtroke it muſt be to me, when ſo wicked a ſcheme as you ſo lately

lately endeavoured to execute, came to my knowledge? What numberleſs tears have I ſhed upon the occaſion! An occaſion, which muſt of itſelf have given me great cauſe of trouble, had the woman you deſigned to ruin been wholly indifferent to me, ſince it is natural for every woman of virtue to be concerned in the cauſe of injured virtue.

But, in the preſent caſe, what an additional ſorrow! The woman you attempt, my moſt dear and intimate friend ---made your intimate too through my means.

Now, brother, I beg you to conſider yourſelf on this occaſion---Look carefully into all the attendant circumſtances of the affair, and then ſee---Oh, ſee the abominable light which you appear in!

At your father's houſe you firſt became acquainted with Miſs Randall; ſhe the choſen friend of all your ſiſters, yet neither of theſe can reſtrain your headſtrong paſſion. This woman you make the object of your lawleſs deſires, diſregarding the rules of hoſpitality and friendſhip,

ſhip, both which, in this purſuit, you violate.

You practiſe all the ſpecious arts you are maſter of, in order to gain her affections, ſtill cloaking your baſe deſigns under the appearance of an honourable courtſhip, thereby gaining her *confidence*, in order to deſtroy her *honour*, when you ſhall find a fit opportunity to throw off the maſk and ſeize your prey.

Can you, however, on cool reflection, think ſuch behaviour defenſible? Ah, brother! you men of pleaſure, I know, hold many ſtrange tenets among you; but you ought to conſider that a time will come, when all ſpecious coverings will be taken off, when all things will be weighed in the unerring ſcales of juſtice, and her opinion of honour will be, I fancy, very different from yours at preſent. She will tell you, that you ſully your honour, although you have never made any actual promiſe of marriage to a girl, if you have given her reaſon to believe it was your intention; ſince, in the eye of juſtice, *honour* and *integrity* have

have the ſame meaning. And you, Sir William, have done every thing but giving a promiſe, to make Miſs Randall believe your intention was to marry her.

Hence aroſe that confidence ſhe placed in you, and to raiſe ſuch a confidence has been your ſole aim; ſince, without a reliance upon your *honour*, ſhe never would have put *hers* in your power. But Heaven, when ſhe was in it, did not ſuffer you to ſucceed; it preſerved her, and, give me leave to ſay, in ſo doing, was not leſs merciful to you than her.

The moment, brother, will arrive, when you will be overtaken either by old age or ſickneſs, perhaps by both; and then all the falſe incitements to wicked actions being diſrobed of their deceitful veils, will appear what they really are—mere empty trifles. The actions themſelves glaring before your eyes in their true, but moſt horrid colours.

If to the number of crimes I fear you have before committed (it is but too common a caſe for a man to be young in years, and old in wickedneſs) in ſuch a

ſituation you ſhould have had the ruin of Miſs Randall added to the dreadful catalogue, how, at ſuch a period, muſt it have wounded you! How would the attendant evils of ſuch an event have ſtruck your ſoul with remorſe! For had you ruined her, there the miſchief would not have ſtopped; her father, I am very certain, never could have ſupported the diſaſter; his life or ſenſes would have been the next ſacrifice to your libertiniſm.

Dying then yourſelf (and of dying all men ſhould think, ſince it is what no man can eſcape) how would the groans of a diſtracted parent, his diſtraction cauſed by you, have racked your mind with torture! Can all the pleaſures taſted in life, compenſate for the pains of ſuch an exit? When remorſe ſtings the conſcience for crimes committed, and the fear of deſerved puniſhment for them, diſorder the ſoul in ſuch a manner, as to take from it the power of repentance—Oh, brother! how often has your ſad profligate courſe of life cauſed me to

ſhed

ſhed tears! How have I lamented, that all your fine accompliſhments ſhould, inſtead of bleſſings, prove ſo many curſes to you; ſince through them you are enabled to do more miſchief, and ſucceed in deſigns you could not achieve without their aſſiſtance!

But the life of pleaſure, that life which all you men of fortune are ſo fond of, to what a dreadful point in the end does it carry you? Would you but read the end of one of thoſe profeſſed men of pleaſure, as deſcribed by Dr Young, in that excellent book of his the *Centaur*, I think however hard or obdurate your heart, it muſt thereby be touched; making you for ſome moments look with the greateſt horror and deteſtation upon a courſe of life, which, if purſued, muſt in the end, inevitably lead you to a termination as dreadful.

Give me leave to tranſcribe part of the ſcene before mentioned.

The man of pleaſure you are to behold lying upon his death-bed, not brought

to it by old age, but overtaken by death—

Sudden, and in the fullneſs of his ſins!

A friend whom he had ruined by his bad example, together with a divine ſitting by him; they endeavour to pour in upon his wounded ſoul the healing balm of comfort, but he rejects the offer, thus breaking out,

"No, no! let me ſpeak on; I have "not long to ſpeak—My much injured "friend! my ſoul as my body lies in "ruins, in ſcattered fragments of bro-"ken thought: Remorſe for the paſt, "throws my thoughts on the future; "worſe dread of the future ſtrikes it "back on the paſt. I turn and turn, "and find no ray. Didſt thou feel half "the mountain that is on me, thou "wouldſt ſtruggle with the martyr for "his ſtake, and bleſs Heaven for the "flames; that is not an everlaſting flame, "that is not unquenchable fire!"

And

And again, after ſome pauſe, having enumerated his crime---for, brother, at ſuch a ſeaſon all the crimes a man has committed, though they have in time paſt ſeemed buried in oblivion, will riſe in his mind with all their terrors, and thus diſtracted like Altamont, he will cry out, when they preſs hard upon his afflicted conſcience.

" And is there another Hell? Oh, " thou blaſphemed, yet moſt indulgent " Lord God! Hell itſelf is a refuge if it " hides me from thy frown."

This was the end of *Altamont*, after which, the excellent author I am treating of, proceeds in the following manner, with his remarks upon ſuch an end.

" If this is the man of *pleaſure*, what is " the man of *pain?* How quick, how " fatal is the tranſit of theſe Phaetonti- " ades! in what a diſmal gloom do they " ſit for ever! how ſhort, alas, the day " of their rejoicing! For a moment they " glitter, they dazzle; in a moment where " are they? Oblivion covers their me- " mories---ah! would it did! Infamy

" ſnatches them from oblivion; in the
" long living annals of infamy their tri-
" umphs are recorded; their ſufferings
" ſtill bleed in the boſom (poor Alta-
" mont!) of the heart-ſtricken friend."

Yes, brother, after the exit of ſuch a man, and in ſuch a manner, what pangs muſt the ſurviving friends and relations feel! how will they be apt to accuſe themſelves for giving him a fine education, thereby improving his talents to his ruin; for to ſpeak again in the Doctor's words,

" With the talents of an angel, a man
" may be a fool; if he judges amiſs in
" the ſupreme point, judging right in all
" elſe but aggravates his folly, as it
" ſhews him wrong, though bleſſed with
" the beſt capacity of being right."

You, Sir William Harrington, are ſtill bleſt both with youth and health; quit then while you may, and before it is too late, the vain paths of what you call pleaſure; ſee to what a ſhocking end ſhe leads her votaries; for true, very true, are

are the following obſervations from the Centaur.

" He that will not *fear*, ſhall *feel* the " wrath of Heaven.

" He that lives in the kingdom of *ſenſe*, " ſhall die into the kingdom of *ſorrow*.

" He ſhall never truly enjoy his *preſent* " hour, who never thinks on his *laſt*."

And now, brother, having by the help of this moſt excellent author, ſhewn you the end to which falſe pleaſure leads, with its dreadful conſequences, I will only add a few more of his obſervations upon the life of a man of pleaſure. Thus he is deſcribed:

" He is one who, deſirous of being " more happy than any man *can* be, is " leſs happy than moſt men *are*.

" One who ſeeks happineſs every " where, but where ſhe is to be found.

" One who out-toils the labourer, not " only without his wages, but paying " dearly for it."

For, brother, who labour more than you men of pleaſure? what toils do you avoid, that can any way promote a darling

ling ſcheme? Would you ſpend half the time, exert half the pains, in the exerciſe of virtue, you do in your purſuits after vice, how far more profitable would it be to you; what a bleſſing to the world!

I hope you will ſee the folly of thoſe courſes which you too long have run, and give over the purſuit of them; thereby proving, as every man ought, a proper example for his family to follow. Did you, brother, ever read the book I have been ſpeaking of, the *Centaur?* I fear not; for men of your caſt ſeldom care to read thoſe authors, where their favourite vices are ſo ſeverely, but juſtly ſcourged; they will not ſeek, but on the contrary, will rather ſtudiouſly avoid, all occaſions which lead to rebuke folly; and thus acting, when once bad, it is no wonder if you remain ſo, growing ſtill worſe from a repeated practice of ill habits; ſince, how is it poſſible a man ſhould amend his faults, if he will not ſuffer himſelf to be told they are ſuch?

Inſtead of reading books where uſeful knowledge is to be gained, you fill your heads

heads with light poems, and ſpecious arguments from witty unbelievers; incentives to lawleſs paſſion, and opiates to the conſcience.

Theſe (great helps to oratory in your opinion) you ſport upon all occaſions, intermixing them in your diſcourſes, to give an higher pungency to your own rhetorick: But, brother, do, in order to oblige me, ſuffer for ſome hours what you perhaps, at the time, may eſteem an evil, that good may come out of it (this I can venture to affirm will be the caſe) read the *Centaur;* which, if you do with due care and attention, I need ſay no more upon the ſubject, but conclude in the Doctor's own words,

"My converted, or condemned, fare-"well."

Julia informs me that you have got a copy of Miſs Randall's narrative; that, brother, when read in a calm moment, and when paſſion does not blind your reaſon, does it not ſtrike you? I think it muſt.

But

But I do not undertake to urge you to any reparation; the paper you have in your poſſeſſion will better do this, than all I can advance. May it have the effect I wiſh; at leaſt may it determine you never more to attempt diſturbing the peace of this poor girl; may it in ſuch a manner ſtrike your conſcience, as to work in your ſoul a true reformation of ſentiment; which event will give the moſt ſenſible heart-felt pleaſure which can poſſibly be enjoyed, by

Your ſincere friend,

and truly affectionate ſiſter,

CONSTANTIA C.

P. S. Lord W. and Lord C. both know I write to you this day, and both preſent their reſpects to you; but I have not, nor ever do intend to inform them about the ſubject I have wrote upon.

LETTER

LETTER LXXX.

Miſs HARRINGTON to Lady C.

New Bond-ſtreet, May 2.

MY dear ſiſter, I have delivered your letter to our brother. I have ſeen it, ſo has aunt Montague, and I have a great deal to tell you concerning it.

Sir William, for this week paſt, has viſited here as uſual; and we happened to be alone together when I received your epiſtle, Oh, brother, ſaid I, when I opened it, here is one for you too.

A fine lecture, no doubt, anſwered he —Come, let me ſee it.

Since you expect a lecture, replied I, moſt certainly you think you deſerve one.

Be quiet, girl—give me the letter, ſaid he, and do you read yours.

I did ſo; but your addreſs to me being a ſhort one, I had done it a long time before

before he had finiſhed his, ſo had leiſure to obſerve his countenance while he was reading, which, I can aſſure you, underwent many changes and alterations. Once he cried out, Good God! how the woman writes!

I could not help putting in a word, the occaſion was ſo fair—I hope ſhe will touch your heart, brother, ſaid I, and looked rather archly, I ſuppoſe, for he thus rebuked me.

None of your ſmartneſſes, I beg, Madam, I am not in a humour to take them; I am ſerious.

Thank God, anſwered I, ſince, if that is the caſe, there is ſome hope of your amendment; for if you once behold yourſelf and late actions in a ſerious light, they will appear to you in ſuch a vile, ſuch a contemptible manner, as to induce you inſtantly to ſet about reforming them.

Mighty well, mighty well truly, replied he, between your tongue and Lady C.'s pen, I am in a fine way, indeed; but, Julia, do try if it is a poſſible thing

for you to be ſilent for a few minutes, that I may peaceably go through with my letter, I really cannot attend to it, while you make ſuch a confounded babbling.

I was ſilent, and he read on. Oh, ſiſter! how did I long for a peep at the contents of a paper, which ſeemed ſo ſenſibly to affect a heart ſo callous as that of Sir William Harrington!

When he had finiſhed it, he got up and walked about the room in a muſing attitude. How his poor lips ſuffered, he almoſt bit them through: At laſt, again opening the letter, he read it over once more, ſaying, in one part, By Heaven, all this may be true, and if ſo, what muſt be my ſituation!---then clenching his fiſt, and putting it to his forehead----Good God! ſaid he, what a life I have led! was this Altamont, I wonder, worſe than me?---Tom, Bob, Jack, we are ſilly raſcals, and we ſhall ſmart for our folly, if all is fact that my ſiſter writes.

He after this read on, I ſtill watching his looks with a moſt fixed attention;

my heart, I muſt own, conceiving hopes that his would be properly touched.

After a while, putting the letter in his pocket, he came to me, drew a chair near me, and ſitting down, took my hand, ſaying, Did you, ſiſter Julia, ever read the Centaur? Yes, brother, ſeveral times, and have, I hope, received great benefit by it; it has cured me of many follies, I can aſſure you; it is an excellent book, and I wiſh you would give it a ſerious reading. Have you got it by you at preſent, anſwered he? My aunt Montague has, replied I, and I am certain will lend it you with the higheſt pleaſure: Shall I go up to her for it, ſhe is in her cloſet, reading? Yes, ſaid he, I'll take it home with me to-night, and, if I am not in a humour to read myſelf, I'll make Charles read to me; he may be a gainer by this means as well as me, it will be good employment for us, Julia, don't you think ſo?

Better employment you can neither of you poſſibly have, anſwered I; and if both of you reap that advantage from it

it you may, if it is not your own faults, you will have reaſon, the longeſt day you live, to bleſs the time of your reading it.

Charming preachers both my ſiſters are really, ſaid he; but Julia, you are a very young practioner in the art, you have not long exerciſed the grave way of diſcourſe, therefore ought to have ſome helps now and then. Here, take Lady C.'s letter, that will afford you many good lights. I gladly took it, and he then looking upon his watch, continued, It is paſt eight, I muſt be gone, for Charles's cold not letting him come out to-night, I have promiſed to ſpend the evening with him at home. Is Mr Renholds to be with you this evening, ſaid I? No, anſwered he, Jack is deeply engaged to night, at the inſpection of marriage-articles between Mr Loyd and Mrs Granville, who are to be united in two days. It will be a jovial wedding, and Charles and myſelf, together with all the reſt of our friends, are to be at the celebration: But pray, Julia, what was your reaſon for aſking if Mr Ren-

holds was to ſpend the evening with us? I hoped he would not, anſwered I, becauſe his company might hinder his Lordſhip and you beginning your book to-night; I'll go to my aunt for it, thinking it beſt you ſhould read it while you are in the humour.

Saying this, I left him, and ſoon returned with the Centaur in my hand, which I gave to Sir William, who ſoon after took his leave of me.

I have not ſeen either him or Lord S. ſince, for the wedding takes up ſo much of their time, that notwithſtanding the terms his Lordſhip and I are upon at preſent, I can get very little of his company; but he has my free leave, ſince, if he did not attend upon his old cronies upon this occaſion, I make no doubt they would be very full of their wit, ſaying, he was *pinned to my apron ſtring*, and ſuch like.

I have wrote to Cordelia, informing her of my preſent ſituation, as I conclude ſhe has to you, concerning hers—I am the eldeſt, and ſhall, I fancy, firſt enter

enter into bonds, but ſuppoſe ſhe will not be long after me.

Oh, Lady C. may ſhe and I be as happy in our fetters as you are in yours—nay, if we are but half as happy, we may ſay, our lots have fallen in good ground.

To-morrow his Lordſhip and my brother are to ſettle the points of jointure, *&c.* ſo I will not cloſe this letter till I can aſſure you of the event, though I am pretty certain there will be no diſagreement between them.

May 3.

His Lordſhip's eſtate appears by his rent-roll to be 1000*l* a-year, clear of all incumbrances. There was money, it ſeems, left by the late Baron, to pay a ſiſter's fortune, who died about half a year after him, but of that there remains no marks; it is gone! well, I am glad it is no worſe; I am ſure things turn out much better than I expected; for, conſidering the courſe of life his Lordſhip has lived for ſome years paſt, I ſhould not have been in the leaſt ſurpriſed,

if the greateſt part of my fortune had gone to ſet him clear in the world.

My jointure is to be 1500 l. a-year, and all my own money is to be ſettled upon younger children.

The houſe in Groſvenor-ſquare is a very good one; nay, a very noble one. Mrs Montague and I went all over it the day Mr Loyd was married, and every part of it is ſo completely, ſo elegantly furniſhed, there needs no ſort of alteration. The family-eſtate lies all in Berkſhire, and there, it ſeems, is a very fine ſeat, not built above twenty years paſt, and well furniſhed, like the houſe in town, the late Baron conſtantly reſiding at it.

My cloaths were all bought this morning, and are as follows: Three ſuits, pink and ſilver on a white ground, white and ſilver, ſtriped luteſtring; two negligees, one white, the other a mighty odd kind of ſilk; two night-gowns, both figured luteſtrings with ſtripes.

His Lordſhip has given all the family-jewels to be new ſet, which are very good ones,

ones, and a great number, but not to be compared with yours.

And now, my dear Lady C. farewel, and farewel to all the dear delightful days of ſelf-will and freedom, and welcome bonds, family cares, huſband's authority, and wife-like obedience. *He bien, courage, ma fille!* who's afraid? thus, like all cowards, brags the really apprehenſive JULIA; and is this the laſt time I ſhall add HARRINGTON? Oh dear!

JULIA HARRINGTON.

LETTER LXXXI.

Miſs CORDELIA HARRINGTON to Lady C.

Bath, May 13.

ENcloſed, my dear ſiſter, you find a letter from Miſs Randall, conveying her grateful acknowledgements for the kind epiſtle you ſent her laſt week. Poor girl! I don't think the ſtate of her health mends in the leaſt, and her ſpirits are

are ſo weak, every thing hurries them, ſo that I have not yet dared to communicate to her, the account of my brother's behaviour, during the time her little narrative was reading, which Julia ſent me. Indeed, I never mention my brother's name in her hearing, when I can avoid it, ſhe is thereby ſo very ſenſibly affected. She has got his picture in miniature, which I can't prevail upon her to part with; this ſhe cries over two or three times in a day, which I am ſure muſt do her a great deal of harm; though ſhe ſays the contrary. We women ſeldom care to believe any thing does us a prejudice we have a mind to do.

Colonel Stanhope is returned to Bath in deep ſable, but is not the deepeſt mourner I ever ſaw in my life; though, to do him juſtice, he pays a very decent regard to the memory of his uncle.

He has made application to me and to my aunt, who greatly approves his addreſſes; ſo I ſuppoſe he will very ſhortly write to my brother upon the ſubject, of whoſe

whoſe conſent I could tell him, if I pleaſed, he may be very ſecure.

Julia's time of being united to Lord S. draws very near; God make them happy! I ſincerely pray. I can't be at the ceremony, ſince to leave Miſs Randall in her preſent condition would be cruel; and for her to take the journey, if her health would permit it, would be highly improper, as our brother will certainly be one of the company.

Nor you, Lady C. can't be there, Julia tells me: I wiſh you joy of the occaſion which prevents you. I need not wiſh the Earl joy, ſince his is high enough already, I make no doubt, upon ſuch a circumſtance.

Letitia and Sir James Stanhope take up ſo much of my time at preſent, that you muſt excuſe me with a very ſhort letter, becauſe I muſt write to Julia alſo by this poſt, ſhe being extremely anxious to hear often concerning the poor girl's health. I am, my ever dear ſiſter,

Yours moſt affectionately,

C. HARRINGTON.

LETTER LXXXII.

Lady S. to Lady C.

Groſvenor-ſquare, May 20.

THE place from which this letter is dated will, my dear ſiſter, inform you of my preſent ſituation. I need not tell you, that Lord S. is now my lord and maſter, and indeed, a far better than I deſerve; ſo tender, ſo affectionate, and in all things, now he has the power, more obliging, more ſubmiſſive to my will than when he ſtiled himſelf my *ſlave*. Such indeed, during courtſhip, I did but too often make him to my ſtrange humours—and now, Lady C. when the day is his own, now he has the reins in his hands, to make no repriſals, does it not argue the higheſt generoſity of diſpoſition, not to take the leaſt advantage of out change of ſituation?

It is indeed but an early day at preſent, for we have not been married a week yet, and

and I came home but yeſterday from my aunt's, who would not part with me before. But I have at laſt taken poſſeſſion of a charming houſe, which I am, I can aſſure you, miſtreſs of.

Continue *Miſtreſs*, methinks I hear you ſay, but, my dear, pray let Lord S. be *Maſter*.

This I intend he ſhall, Conſtantia. Lord bleſs me, you would be quite in amaze, if you was to ſee me, I am grown ſo good! I really ſuffer the man to govern me ſo much, that if I go on at the ſame rate for any long time, I fear I ſhall forget what it is to have a will of my own. I too, that always uſed to follow that will, regardleſs of that of other people. But the old vulgar proverb of *the wild colt*, &c. may very juſtly be applied to me, if I do turn out good at laſt, ſince I ſhall prove, that a giddy girl, when properly convinced of her folly, may make one of the beſt of wives. This is now my ſerious intention: Did you, ſiſter, ever think I ſhould come to this? But be not over much ſurpriſed at it, ſince,

ſince, if you well conſider the caſe, it is only acting in character. My diſpoſition, you know, was ever of the contradictory ſort, ſo you need not wonder if in this, as I have done in others, I endeavour, out of the ſpirit of oppoſition, to ſhew that your opinion may be wrong.

I hope your letter, reading the Centaur, as he has done, carefully, and *my good example* now in the ſame houſe with him, has wrought a good effect upon Sir William; he ſtays at home much more than he uſed to do, and does not talk ſo freely as he often has done, to the great diſguſt of you and me, ſiſter, upon ſerious ſubjects. If he would but deſert his wicked ſet of companions, I really ſhould have great hopes of him; but I fear they will undo all we have laboured at for his advantage, by their pernicious counſel. Lord S. does not ſeem near ſo fond of them as he was; he deſpiſes their manner of life, he tells me, but as they are his old friends, and men for whom he has long had an high perſonal regard, I muſt

muſt not take it amiſs if they ſometimes viſit at his houſe, or if he relieves any of them who ſhall be in diſtreſs. Craven, it ſeems, is greatly ſo at preſent; he has ſpent all his own fortune, and my Lord is to buy him a commiſſion. I own I rather grudge the *money*, the man being ſo *worthleſs*; but I don't even hint it, ſince Lord S. moſt certainly has a right to do what he pleaſes with his own.

By what I can gather from the diſcourſes he now often holds with me concerning theſe men, Loyd and Craven are two as ſorry wretches as can be met with. Renholds, it ſeems, has ſome few good qualities to counterbalance his failings: Many, I am ſure, according to all account, are his failings, therefore many ought to be his good deeds, which I fear are but few. However though, as all things are good and bad by compariſon, he is really a very tolerable man, if ſet in oppoſition to Loyd and Craven. What a pretty climax, ſiſter, one may form out of this *junto*, as they call themſelves, allowing our brother to be, as I hope he is,

a little better, one gradation at leaſt, than Mr Renholds.

To begin then, for once taking the liberty to place Lord C. in a company he would not often be fond of keeping: He muſt be at the top, Craven at the bottom, ſince he appears to me to be, if poſſible, the worſt of the pack. Well then, here begins

The CLIMAX.

Lord C. as perfect as an human being can be.
Lord S. treading in his ſteps as faſt as he is able.
Sir William Harrington, very far from being good.
The Honourable John Renholds, ſcarcely tolerable.
Mr Loyd, very wicked.
Mr Craven, abominably ſo.

Ah, ſiſter! on caſting up this account, the really good are ſo far leſs in number to the bad, and only juſt tolerable, that unleſs

unleſs we can ſtrike out of the liſt ſome of the very worſt, I fear they will prove too ſtrong a party. Loyd and Craven—if they were got rid of, we might do pretty well.

Mrs Granville that was, now Mrs Loyd, and myſelf, are to viſit, it ſeems. We have been old acquaintance, ſiſter; ſome of my firſt letters after coming to town, will remind you, though not greatly to my advantage, in the article of prudence, that——Oh, here comes Jenny. My brother wants me, I muſt go down.

* *

The buſineſs was to ſhew me a letter he had juſt received from Sir James Stanhope, aſking conſent, and ſo forth, about our ſiſter.—So, Julia, ſaid Sir William, I am like to be rid of all my charges—another wedding in the family, I ſuppoſe, very ſoon, ſince I ſhall write to Sir James in as favourable a manner as he can wiſh, offering to ſettle matters

with him as ſoon as he pleaſes, if he will give me a meeting in town. He is a man of ſuch unexceptionable character, I think Cordelia can't poſſibly do better.

Well, Lady C. very ſhortly I conclude, I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing this *brother elect*. Bleſs me! how our family encreaſes!

My parade and nonſenſe of receiving viſits begins next week: I wiſh it was all over, for I dare ſay I ſhall not enjoy this ſecond part of the farce, as I did that in Nottinghamſhire, where I was not quite ſo principal an actor.

Aunt Montague will become a perfect gadder: She was here yeſterday to attend me home, and called again this morning. Dear woman, ſhe is ſo pleaſed, and does ſo extol me for my good behaviour to Lord S. it is enough to add greatly to my vanity, which, I am ſure, you'll ſay there is no need of doing; I was ever ſufficiently prone to vanity.

Mrs Chambers having wrote Miſs Charlotte Randall word on what day I was to be married, ſhe has ſince favoured me with

with a congratulatory letter upon the occaſion, as alſo many thanks from her good father and herſelf, for the care I have taken for Letitia's ſafety. They are not, I fancy, acquainted with the very bad ſtate of health the poor girl is in, for they take no notice of it to me; but, on the contrary, ſeem to pleaſe themſelves with hopes that ſhe may ſhortly return into Hampſhire, deſiring ſhe may not be kept at Bath any longer than is abſolutely neceſſary.

Charlotte (Oh the great curioſity of women!) wants prodigiouſly to know who the man is, that could have ſuch vile deſigns on her ſiſter: She hopes I will tell her his name. No, Charlotte, no, you muſt remain with your curioſity unſatisfied indeed, my dear; for that is a particular I ſhall not ſatisfy you in. I ſhall put her off as well as I can, when I anſwer her letter, as I think I will do immediately, having time now, for Lord S. has letters of his own to write this evening. So, dear Lady C. for the preſent

yours affectionately.—Oh! how aukward does it appear to me, inſtead of *Harrington*, to ſign by the name of

JULIA S.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Lady S. to Lady C.

Groſvenor-ſquare, May 28.

I HAVE had a great deal of company already, and, among the reſt, my ſiſter *bride*, Mrs Loyd, whoſe great complaiſance, though ſhe had not returned half the viſits paid her on her marriage, led her to make one to me, who had never been to ſee her, I being, as ſhe ſaid, the lady of a man for whom her dear Mr Loyd had the higheſt reſpect imaginable.

She was dreſſed immenſely fine; ſilver from head to foot, and ſome jewels tolerably good, preſents moſt of them, ſhe gave me to underſtand, from her dear Mr Loyd.

Loyd. She always adds *dear* to each mention ſhe makes of his name.

Preſents from him, Lady C.! he that has ſpent his fortune, and marries this woman merely for bread, what a joke upon preſents on ſuch occaſions! Perhaps he run in debt now to ſome jeweller for the baubles, promiſing to pay for them with the firſt part of the lady's money he could touch.

She ſeems exceſſively happy in her fool's paradiſe, for ſuch I think her ſituation may very juſtly be called. She is old enough to be his mother, and he is as great a rake as ever lived; what hold then can ſhe poſſibly expect to have over him? he deſpiſes all duty, regarding nothing but the dictates of his paſſion; and but very little paſſion, I think, he can have for her. Well, I can't ſay I pity her; ſhe is moſt certainly at years of diſcretion, if ever ſhe will arrive at them; ſhe knew his character and way of life very perfectly, and, in my opinion, might have ſeen into the motives of his marrying her, ſince he refuſed to do ſo, unleſs

ſhe

ſhe would make him abſolute maſter of all her fortune. This it ſeems ſhe has done, being jointured in her own eſtate 200 l. a-year only, ſo all is now loſt to her own relations, the money being given ſolely into his power, and at his diſpoſal.

Here is a widow's bargain, my dear; a woman paſt the giddy part of life, one would have imagined; but produce me, if you can, an inſtance where a girl of fifteen has acted more indiſcreetly.

You ſee Lord S. is very communicative, telling me, I really think, all he knows of every body. I believe I come at this intelligence by not ſeeming deſirous of it, for I never aſk him any more than he chooſes to tell me concerning theſe creatures. No need of aſking, you'll ſay, he tells me enough without.

We fancy Sir James Stanhope will be in town next week, and then I'll tell you how I like him. Sir William ſtill continues very good, ſpending a great deal of time with me, which you may believe is no ſmall pleaſure to

Your

JULIA S.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Lady C. to Lady S.

C. Park, May 30.

WHEN I received your firſt letter after your marriage, I was, my dear ſiſter, in too deep an affliction to return you thoſe congratulations upon it my heart notwithſtanding ſincerely gave you. I was in great fear of loſing my dear huſband! He had, two days before been to look at a favourite hunter, and the wicked beaſt gave him a violent kick upon the breaſt; he fell down, and was brought into the houſe for dead. Indeed I thought at firſt he was ſo, when the men brought him into the room where the Earl and I were ſitting.

To attempt deſcribing the agitations of my heart upon this occaſion is impoſſiable, ſo ſudden, ſo very unexpected was the

the ſtroke! Gone from me but a few minutes before in perfect health; and now appearing in my eyes ſuch a ſpectacle! in a ſtate of death, all pale and lifeleſs! Dear Julia! you are yourſelf a wife, and I make no doubt tenderly love your Lord; aſk therefore your own heart what it would undergo at ſuch a ſeaſon, and that will better acquaint you with what I felt, than the moſt pathetic words can poſſibly expreſs: For, on occaſions like this, all deſcription falls widely ſhort of the real deſtraction of ſoul one ſuffers.

The Earl, ſtarting from his chair, cried out, Dead! my boy is dead! then claſping his hands together, his countenance expreſſing the moſt lively ſorrow, he ſat down again.

I ran to my breathleſs Lord (as I thought him to be) taking one of his hands which hung down, without any ſigns of motion, by the ſide of the chair whereon the ſervant had placed him, my eyes at the ſame time aſking the occaſion of the dreadful diſaſter, but my tongue through grief denied the faculty of utterence. The Earl,

as

as much affected as myſelf, could not ſpeak neither, but remained a perfect ſtatue.

Mrs Carter's ſkill in bleeding was again of the utmoſt ſervice to my Lord, as the delay of ſending for a ſurgeon might have been fatal. I had the pleaſure (indeed it was a pleaſure, a moſt inexpreſſible one to me) very ſoon to ſee the purple ſtream flow freely from the orifice ſhe made; ſo I began to conceive hopes that he might yet recover. He was then, after having uttered two or three groans, and a few more of the like faint ſigns of life, put to bed by Mrs Carter; for I was unable to render him the leaſt aſſiſtance, wanting help myſelf from my Suſan, who was much frightened for the conſequences ſhe ſaid my fright might have upon me. I was laid upon my own bed, and forced to remain there above an hour, during which time, I had ſeveral hyſteric fits, which greatly weakned me. I was told that Lord C. had ſickned much after his bleeding, but had given no ſymptoms of inward bruiſes; in ſhort, through Mrs Carter's

Carter's care of him, by the time I was able to go to his chamber, and before the arrival of the help he had ſent for from Nottingham, he was ſo well recovered as to ſit up in his bed, and ſpoke to me, when I entered the room, in a manner which cheared my heart beyond expreſſion, aſking me how I did, and begging me to take care of my own health. The Doctor, when he came, pronounced him to be in no danger, ſo did the ſurgeon; and, ſiſter, to quit a ſubject which has given me ſo much pain, and I am ſure will affect you on recital; I ſhall only add, that his Lordſhip recovered as faſt almoſt as our warmeſt wiſhes could deſire, and much faſter than at firſt, from all appearance, we had reaſon to hope. He is now out of danger, and will get abroad again very ſoon.

But now the ſon is likely to be well, the Earl is in great fear about his future *grandſon*, as he expreſſes himſelf, and indeed I do not think his fears are altogether groundleſs; for the fright and concern I have been in, has affected me ſo much,

much, I really can't tell how it may be. I am at this inſtant very far from being well; and it is a mark of high indulgence, I can aſſure you, that I am permitted to write, for I am kept in great order. But I was reſolutely determined to write to my dear Julia, who I was ſure would be uneaſy and diſſatisfied with hearing from any other hand but my own: Nor would be readily convinced of my not being in any dangerous way, unleſs aſſured of it by myſelf. Therefore, in ſpite of all the oppoſition Mrs Carter could make, I this morning would have my pen brought me; but I muſt, I fear, very ſoon lay it down, for I every moment expect Mrs Gage, who pretends to be mighty wiſe in theſe affairs. She comes here every morning, and ſtays with me 'till night; for I am confined to my own chamber, and, if ſhe catches me writing, how ſhe will ſcold!

As I live, I hear her voice upon the ſtairs, and the Earl with her; he too is a conſtant viſitant. Adieu, my dear ſiſter, I muſt write no more than the name of

CONSTANTIA C.

LETTER LXXXV.

Lady S. to Lady C.

Groſvenor-ſquare, June 6.

MY dear ſiſter, how do I long to hear from you again! I was indeed concerned for the danger Lord C. *has* been in; but, as he is ſafe, cannot help attending more particularly to the danger I fear you *may* be in, for whom I am ſtill more nearly intereſted.

I hope, my dear, the apprehended ill conſequences of your fright are by this time over, and that you will happily advance in the condition which gives ſo much ſatisfaction to the worthy family you are united to.

Sir James Stanhope is now in town: No wonder our ſiſter liked him, for, in truth, he is a moſt charming man; a ſecond Lord C. I need ſay no more to give you a proper, or indeed a juſt opinion

nion of him. My brother and he did not in any one point diſagree about ſettling the money matters: The writings are now drawing, and our ſiſter is to be jointured a thouſand a-year, all her fortune, as ours both were before her, to be ſettled upon younger children.

Mighty well, I think, all of us have managed, to get men in ſuch good plight, as not to want to touch a penny of our money.

I aſked Sir James, if he had not ſeen a young lady at Mrs Crawford's, called Miſs Randall?

Yes, Madam, anſwered he, I have, and greatly admire her: She is indeed an ornament to her ſex, and a pattern of virtue but rarely to be met with.

This ſpeech of his rather alarmed me; for I feared that ſimple girl Cordelia, had told him the whole of Letitia's ſtory, thereby diſcovering our brother's ill conduct, a thing I ſhould chooſe to have hid from a man juſt about entering into our family.

But, on aſking him a few queſtions more, I was very well ſatisfied, finding he had only been made acquainted with the pretence I had formed for Miſs Randall's being at Bath, with a ſmall addition, which he ſaid Miſs Cordelia had entruſted him with as a ſecret: That the lady had a very great affection for the man who would have uſed her ſo barbarouſly. This I ſuſpected, ſaid Sir James, before I was told ſo; for what elſe could occaſion Miſs Randall's being ſo deeply affected now her danger is over. If ſhe had been indifferent, as to the man, her joy for having eſcaped him, would have made her quite eaſy and happy, which, poor lady, her countenance plainly diſcovers, is far from being her preſent ſtate of mind. I moſt ſincerely pity her, and think, that ſo well loving the man, and yet at the ſame time ſo nobly reſiſting him, ſhews her to be a perfect heroine.

Mighty clever are the ſentiments of this man; don't you think ſo, Lady C.? Pray let me hear from you very ſoon. Do, if your confinement is not yet over, endeavour

vour to evade the watchfulneſs of your keepers, and write me a few lines, if you can without danger to your health; for indeed, hearing from the hand of any but yourſelf, will greatly alarm

Your affectionate

JULIA S.

P. S. My Lord, Sir William, and aunt Montague, preſent their beſt wiſhes to all at C. Park.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Mrs GAGE to Lady S.

C. Park, June 12.

MY dear Lady S. (your ſiſter not being able to write herſelf) I took up my pen to inform you, that a few days paſt, ſhe verified all our fears, to the great diſappointment of the old Earl; but Lord C. ſeemed to think of nothing but the danger of his beloved Conſtan-

tia, whom I have now the pleaſure to acquaint you is recovering very faſt.

We hope ſhe will ſoon be able to go abroad again; ſhe ceaſes to be confined to her bed this day, and begs, Madam, you will write her an account of all that happens in your part of the world: 'There being ſome particulars, relating 'to a journey ſhe concludes you muſt 'take very ſhortly to Bath, ſhe can't ſee 'how will be eaſily ſettled.' Theſe were her own words, and ſhe ſays, you will underſtand them.

Lord C. is now perfectly recovered, and able, he ſays, once more, to ride the beaſt that had like to have been the death of him: But, in my opinion, if ever he goes near the creature again, it will ſhew more courage than prudence.

My uncle, Lord C. his Lady, Mr Gage, and myſelf, join in due reſpects to your Ladyſhip, Lord S. and Sir William Harrington. I have the honour, to ſubſcribe myſelf, dear Madam,

Your affectionate friend,
and obliged humble ſervant,
CAROLINE GAGE.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Lady S. to Lady C.

Groſvenor-ſquare, June 18.

I GIVE grateful thanks to Heaven for the recovery of my beloved ſiſter, and her worthy Lord; but I entreat you, my dear Conſtantia, not to be too haſty to quit your chamber, nor fancy your health eſtabliſhed too ſoon. With ſuch riſks, ſuch anxieties as theſe, even in the happieſt marriages, why do we ſo hurry into it, ſome of us even againſt the opinion of our tried and natural friends, and with every moral certainty againſt us; and why does the ſage Julia S. ſo ſoon after the commencement of her own *ſhackledom*, aſk ſuch a queſtion? Silly ſouls, all of us, Heaven help us: But to have done with my moralizing.—

I underſtood that you deſired Mrs Gage to inſert about the difficulties ariſing

ſing from our journey to Bath, which journey we are indeed to take, Sir James having requeſted Lord S. Sir William, and myſelf, ſoon to follow him thither, in order to be preſent at his nuptials, he intending to preſs our ſiſter to fix a very early day. He left London yeſterday, for we could not any longer detain him from the preſence of his dear Cordelia.

He carries a letter to her from me, which I wrote at his deſire, to beg ſhe would not unreaſonably poſtpone his happineſs; ſo I conclude the affair will ſoon be ſettled, and we, in conſequence of it, ſet out for Bath very ſhortly; but ſuppoſe it will be fruitleſs to hope for your preſence upon the occaſion.

After Sir James had made his requeſt to us about following him, being alone with my brother, Lord bleſs me, ſaid I, what a perplexing caſe is this! What ſhall we do, Sir William?

Why, go, as we have promiſed to do, anſwered he.

Ah, brother! replied I, do you not conſider

conſider that Miſs Randall is at Bath? Have you thought well of that?

I am glad, Lady S. returned he, you have ſtarted this ſubject; it is what I wanted to enter upon with you, but did not know how. I am *now*, I can aſſure you, affected with a proper ſenſe of ſhame for what I have done, and ſhame always takes away courage. Dear ſiſter, (taking my hand as we ſat) I muſt beg you to uſe all your intereſt with Miſs Randall in my behalf.

Dear brother, to what purpoſe? anſwered I; ſhe has forgiven you already.

Ah! but how forgiven me? replied he. Not in the manner I could wiſh. She has, I fear, only in a Chriſtian ſenſe forgiven me; that is, does not ſeek vengeance for the offence, which will not ſatisfy me. Oh, Julia! if I was to make her an offer of marriage, do you think ſhe would accept it?

I never, Lady C. was ſo much ſurpriſed in all my life. His pride to come to this! Charming fall! thought I; a bleſſed change! Dear brother, anſwered I,

is

is it really your intention to make Miſs Randall ſuch an offer?

By Heaven! it is, replied he; and upon her acceptance or refuſal depends all my future happineſs. But tell me, Lady S. tell me truly, and do not flatter me: Do you think, after ſuch treatment as I have given her, ſhe will ever conſent to a ſacred union with me.

It is not poſſible for me to tell how ſhe will act, ſaid I; all I can ſay is this, that had any man dared to have uſed me as you have done Miſs Randall, I never could have forgiven him; I never, after ſuch an attempt made by him upon *my* honour, could have had a ſufficient reliance upon *his*, to give him my hand.

Oh, my God, cried he, riſing and walking about the room, what a vile wretch I have been! What, no hope, ſiſter? can you give me no hope at all?

Very little, indeed, anſwered I; for all, in this caſe, you can ground your hope upon, is her amiable ſoftneſs of diſpoſition: That may work in your favour. She has already forgiven you, ſo ſhe may

(it

(it is barely poſſible) in time forget your offence, after you have made proper conceſſions. This you moſt certainly ought to do; for, as your crime has been great, ſo ought your contrition to be likewiſe: Such a fault as you have committed againſt her, requiring a great deal of expiation.

You, brother, in this caſe, fully verify the truth of the aſſertion, *that pride is its own enemy, and generally the occaſion of its own confuſion.* Had you, from the firſt, paid honourable addreſs to Miſs Randall, with as honourable intentions, your pride would not have received the fall it now meets with. Her many perfections, in the eye of the world, would have been a ſufficient excuſe for your attachment to her; and her behaviour, I am ſure, through every part of life, a full recompenſe to you for the trifling pleaſures you might perhaps have been obliged to give up, on the ſcore of her bringing you ſo very ſmall a fortune. Had you then married her, ſhe would have been under obligation to you; but now the tables are turned; her virtuous, and your wicked

ked behaviour, when weighed together, give her greatly the advantage over you; ſo that, as you have managed it, you muſt ſue to her for a favour, which, had you acted as you ought to have done, would have been in your own power to beſtow.

He heard me with ſurpriſing patience; he is now humbled indeed. Oh! theſe violent ſpirits, Lady C. when once laid low, how very low they are!

What you ſay, replied he, is but too true; but how can I help what is paſt? It is upon my future behaviour now, I hope, my future happineſs depends. I will endeavour, as much as lies in my power, to recompenſe Miſs Randall for the pain I have made her ſuffer. Once more, Julia, I beg your intereſt with her.

I give it freely, anſwered I; but, brother, what do you purpoſe to do in the caſe?

That, returned he, is what I want you to adviſe me about. Going to Bath, what do you think of that? Should I at this

this juncture keep my promiſe with Sir James?

Indeed I think not, anſwered I; and yet, what would the world conjecture, if Lord S. and I were to go without you upon ſuch an occaſion, no viſible cauſe appearing for your ſtaying behind?

I will go to Bath, ſaid he, let it fall out as it will then. But, Julia, if I was to write to Letitia, informing her of my intention in that reſpect, and of my total change of ſentiment with regard to her? begging her forgiveneſs of paſt offences, and promiſing to commit no more; then declaring my higheſt ambition is to be favoured with her hand, might I not, think you, hope to ſucceed? Would not this method be a right one?

I ſaid I approved it much; upon which, he left me to write to Letitia, and, bringing the letter to me, I read it before he ſent it away.

There was no time for me to take a copy of the letter for you, but as far as memory on once reading will ſerve me, I'll give you the purport of it. He be-

gan with ſaying—That her experienced virtue had awakened in his ſoul a true repentance for the baſe attempt he once made againſt it: On this ſubject, he expatiated with a great deal of art, intermixing compliments to her, in ſo polite, ſuch a delicate manner, as no woman could be diſpleaſed with, but, on the contrary, muſt, I think, receive with pleaſure.

Then, in a moſt ſubmiſſive way, he makes a propoſal of marriage to her—ſcarcely dares hope ſhe will accept it; but declares his whole happineſs depends upon her generoſity in that particular. A great deal of pathetic art uſed here again. Oh, theſe men! they are made up of nothing elſe, I think. I could not help ſaying to myſelf while I read it. Take care of yourſelf, Letitia; take care, child, or he will certainly melt down your anger: He now ſues to you upon a very different plan to that at Windſor, he deſires of you nothing *now*, but what you may grant with honour; and, I fancy, if he goes on thus with you, he will not beg in vain.

He

He tells her he is coming to Bath; but deſires ſhe will not be alarmed upon that information, ſince he promiſes not to attempt ſeeing her, till ſhe ſhall generouſly, and willingly allow him that happineſs: An happineſs he ſo ardently wiſhes for—a long harangue upon that ſubject too.

In ſhort, Lady C. I think the letter is ſuch as muſt touch the girl's heart, though perhaps ſhe will not directly own it. Indeed ſhe ought not immediately to do ſo, ſince, I can allow it to be reaſonable, ſhe ſhould triumph a little when ſhe has it in her power, and make him ſuffer in his turn, who has been the occaſion of ſo much trouble to her. A better reaſon occurs to me, leſt too eaſy a yielding ſhould incline the ungenerous ſex (and perhaps the very ungrateful one whom ſhe yields to oblige) to think her reſentment was not ſo ſincere as it ought to be.

He did not deſire her to anſwer the letter, which, I own, a little ſurpriſed me, and I told him ſo.

Her receiving it, ſaid he, is as high a mark of favour as I ought to expect at preſent. I dare not aſk for a greater.

You men, returned I, ſeldom are backward in requeſting any favour you are deſirous to obtain, how bold ſo ever the requeſt may be, or how great an unlikelihood there may be of its being granted: And, Sir William, give me leave to ſay, ſuch a requeſt as that of begging an anſwer to your letter, would not by far have been ſo audacious, as ſome former ones you have made to the lady. Here is ſome art concealed under this ſeeming great modeſty, I am apt to believe, although I have not the art to ſee through it.

Can't you really ſee through my contrivance, anſwered he? Why, Julia, you did not uſe to be ſo dull of apprehenſion.

I am at preſent quite dull, replied I, the myſtery I will own is above my capacity, ſo I muſt beg you to explain it to me.

Why, ſaid he, in the ſituation our affairs are at preſent, Miſs Randall cannot well, if ſhe acts conſiſtent with that

ſpirit

ſpirit of virtue ſhe has hitherto ſhewn on my libertine attempts, return me an anſwer any way conformable, or agreeable to my wiſhes. She muſt at firſt refuſe, even though ſhe ſhould in the end be prevailed on to accept my offer, upon my repeatedly preſſing her ſo to do.

Now, Julia, don't you perceive, that while ſhe is ſilent, I may hope: Therefore it is out of all diſpute beſt, that at preſent ſhe ſhould not write to me. She might, if ſhe did, forbid my journey to Bath, and that would be a dreadful ſtroke upon me, ſince I ſhould, if I went there after ſuch a prohibition, ſue to enter her preſence at a great diſadvantage, having wilfully broke one of her commands. As it is, I hope much from this Bath journey; for when I am upon the ſpot, ſurely the mediation of you and Cordelia, will work ſomething upon her in my favour; and, if you can but prevail upon her to ſee me—

Depending, I ſuppoſe, upon her former affection, and knowing yourſelf a maſter of "all the arts of fine perſuaſion," (Oh

the vanity of man!) you conclude you ſhall overcome all her ſcruples—Is it not ſo?

I will own to you ſuch are my hopes, returned he. I am in love, Julia, and it is ſaid, you know, that—

Love will hope, where reaſon would deſpair.

Well enough come off, brother, anſwered I; and here Lord S. entering, we dropped the ſubject.

Well, Lady C. this change in Sir William, I am ſure, will rejoice you as much as it has done me. May it but continue, and then I hope Miſs Randall will be induced to reward his return to virtue.

When you are able, my dear, pray let me hear from you; but my next letter to you, I fancy, will be dated from Bath, for my brother is in a great hurry to ſet out, in order to advance, what I do really believe *now* his happineſs depends upon —gaining a *wife*. How little reaſon, a few weeks ago, to expect this laudable deſire in him, had Your

JULIA S.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Lady S. to Lady C.

Bath, June 30.

LORD S. Sir William, and myſelf, arrived here yeſterday; and this morning I went to Mrs Crawford's houſe to viſit Letitia, who did not, with the reſt of the good folks, viz. my aunt, Sir James Stanhope, and Cordelia, come the preceding night to welcome us to Bath. This would have been an improper ſtep for her, ſo Mrs Stanhope ſpent the evening with her, while the reſt favoured us with their company at a fine lodging Sir James had taken for us upon the ſouth parade.

I have been always told that Bath, in the ſummer, is a moſt diſagreeable place to be in, that it is by many degrees hotter than any other; but really I don't yet find

find it ſo; and as to the objection which may be made by ſome people, the want of company at this ſeaſon, it is no objection with me, ſince I declare I ſhall receive more pleaſure in walking up the fine hills which encompaſs us round about, than I ſhould do at the rooms, were they ever ſo full of gay company.

To me who have ſpent the winter in London, rural proſpects are far more deſireable than the moſt brilliant aſſemblies; it is a pleaſing variety, and variety is ſaid to be the greateſt charm we are capable of taſting, ſince it adds freſh beauty to all things, we not having a ſufficient conſtancy in our nature, long to admire the ſame ſcene.

But I have ſtrangely run away from the ſubject I took up my pen, in order to write on—my viſit this morning to Letitia.

Oh, Lady C. notwithſtanding the accounts Cordelia has ſent me of her being altered, I was not ſufficiently prepared for the prodigious change there is in her looks. How will my brother, when he

ſees

ſees her, (if ſhe will ever permit him to ſee her) be affected with the ſkeleton of beauty which will meet his eye?

She is ſtill, however, lovely; and, though the fire which uſed to dart from her fine hazle eyes, but very faintly beams, yet there remains ſuch a ſweet languiſhment, ſuch a delicate ſoftneſs, as is really charming. She looks, my dear, like that fine picture of the weeping Magdalen in our gallery at the hall, when her tears break forth; and at other times, when ſhe endeavours to throw aſide her ſorrows, and force a chearful ſmile, puts me in mind of theſe words of Shakeſpeare.

——*Patience on a monument,*
Smiling at Grief!

When I firſt entered the room where ſhe was ſitting, ſhe roſe to meet me; but her knees through joy, dear girl, at ſeeing me, trembled to ſuch a degree, ſhe could not ſtand, ſo ſhe ſunk again into her chair.

I ran to her, and kiſſed her with all that ſincerity of heart my ſtrong and real friendſhip prompted, while ſhe caſt her arms round my neck, holding me to her boſom, her head reclining upon mine, bedewing it with tears.

At firſt ſhe was unable to ſpeak, but when ſhe did, Dear Lady S. ſaid ſhe, this is good, indeed it is, thus very early to viſit me. All I can ſay is, that it is like all the reſt of your kind behaviour; but ſuch obligations how ſhall I ever repay?

'Tis wholly in your power to repay them whenever you pleaſe, anſwered I, but at preſent I will not diſtreſs you, my dear girl, by propoſing the means. There is a favour, however, which I ſhall ſhortly beg of you, which, if you grant it, will recompenſe all I have done, or can do for you.

There is nothing in my power, replied ſhe, which Lady S. can aſk for *herſelf*, I would not grant with the higheſt pleaſure, but—

Stop, my dear, ſtop, cried I, interupting her, eagerly, I won't hear any of your *buts*. Lady S. has nothing to aſk immediately

diately for *herſelf*, 'tis the cauſe of another perſon ſhe will have to plead to you.

Whoſe cauſe is ſuch—ſaid ſhe.

As I hope, returned I, you will hear favourably in due time. Yes, yes, my dear charming girl, (folding my arms about her) you muſt, indeed you muſt be my ſiſter.

Oh, Madam! (returning my embrace) how you diſtreſs me! What you require, I never can grant; it is impoſſible, indeed it is quite impoſſible. And, give me leave to ſay, I am not a little ſurpriſed.

You can't be more ſurpriſed than I am, my dear, ſaid I, at the change we now find in Sir William. Indeed, at one time I thought him ſuch a reprobate, that nothing could have reclaimed him; but your virtue, your prevailing excellence, has wrought a perfect change in his mind; indeed it has; and now he is good, he deſerves to be rewarded, he deſerves to be happy; which, my charming friend, no one but you can make him. You are the ſole arbitreſs of his fate in that particular.

Cruel,

Cruel, cruel, Lady S.! replied ſhe, why will you thus diſtreſs me? 'tis hard, very hard, indeed it is, to deny a perſon, I love ſo well as you, any thing. But as to Sir William—

Whom you once loved, interrupted I, you now hate, deteſt, and cannot bear the thought of; is it not ſo?

I hate his vices, Madam, anſwered ſhe.

Dear girl, may I then hope, my dear Letitia, you do not hate my brother, his vices only are odious to you. Since then, he caſts off his vices, and endeavours to become good like you; ſince he is not now the *wicked profligate*, but the *reformed* Sir William Harrington; may I not, as ſuch, offer him to the pity of my dear friend? Do, Letitia, beſtow that on him, for he really deſeves it of you now.

I give it him, then, anſwered ſhe, for I have myſelf been ſo long leſſoned "in "four misfortune's book," as to know how to pity all perſons who are in affliction. Yes, Lady S. this requeſt of yours, I heſitate not a moment granting—I ſincerely

cerely pity your brother, if he is in any trouble!

Ah! ſtop not at that, but your kindneſs improve,
And let gentle pity be ripen'd to love.

anſwered I,—don't you, my dear Letitia, love all good people? I am ſure, being good yourſelf, you muſt.

Certainly, returned ſhe, goodneſs merits our approbation.

And, ſaid I, approbation is eaſily ripened into love—Well then, my dear, you approve good people; my brother, now, is good; ſo from approving, I will carry my hopes a little farther, and conclude, that, in due time, you will again bring yourſelf to love him? Give me leave to ſay it is, in a great meaſure, your duty ſo to do—You are the prize he hopes to obtain, in conſequence of his reformation---ſhould he therefore fail to obtain the prize upon which that hope is built, may we not fear, that for want of the proper baſis to ſupport it, the ſtructure will ſink

to the ground, falling into a worſe ſtate of ruin than ever?

Conſider this well, Letitia, and then you will find it is your duty to reward his beginning virtue, in order to perfect a reformation *your* virtue has begun. Indeed, you ſhould not ſuffer a worthy man to be loſt through your implacability, which, I am convinced, will be Sir William's caſe, ſince diſappointment ever makes ſuch tempers deſperate.

Oh! Lady S. cried ſhe, conſider; do but conſider the manner in which he has acted by me: After the vile attempt he has made upon my honour! how can I---

Why, really, my dear, interrupted I, this is a point I am not very capable of ſolving; I am not a ſufficient miſtreſs of argument to debate it properly; you had much better therefore, talk with my brother himſelf; he is more nearly concerned, and will doubtleſs plead the cauſe in a more pathetic manner than I can be ſuppoſed to do.

You fright me, Lady S. anſwered ſhe ---ſee him! ſurely you have no intentions of

of bringing him hither! and then, poor girl, ſhe trembled in ſuch a manner, as made me rather repent having gone ſo far.

Tell me, Madam, continued ſhe, taking my hand, have you any deſign of this ſort againſt me?---if you had formed one, let me beg of you to drop it; for indeed, indeed, I cannot ſee him! my ſpirits are ſo very weak, I am ſure I could not ſupport the interview. He won't attempt it, I think, for he has given me his honour not to do ſo but with my permiſſion---You know, I ſuppoſe, Madam, he ſent me a letter, ſome little time ſince? ſuch a letter! dear Lady S. it almoſt overcame my ſpirits, when I read it, ſo unexpected was both that and the contents: Such an offer! ſuch a change of ſentiment in him! I was indeed hurried beyond meaſure; and, Madam, if barely hearing from him, if the ſight of his hand-writing only had power to affect me in ſuch a way, how would the ſight of himſelf agitate my very ſoul? I cannot ſee him! therefore, my dear, dear

friend! beg him, if he has any regard for me left, not to attempt ſurpriſing me with his preſence, which, if he does, I really think it would coſt me my life.

I ſaid all I could to her upon the ſubject, but all to no purpoſe; ſhe inſiſted upon it, that ſhe could not ſee my brother; ſo how the affair will end, Heaven only knows. I am ſure I now pity Sir William exceſſively; for, when I related the diſcourſe to him, after having quitted Letitia this morning, he was affected in a very uncommon manner, at her firm reſolution of not ſeeing him, and aſhamed that I ſhould be a witneſs to what I ſuppoſe he thought ſo unmanly a weakneſs: He ſtruggled ſo obſtinately againſt it, that it affected him in a kind of hyſterical manner; however, I took no notice of it, and he recovered, I believe, the ſooner, though he remained very dejected the whole day; but, about ſeven this evening, Lord S. deſired him to walk out; ſo they went, I begging to be excuſed going with them, that I might write this letter to you.

Good

Good God! I hear a vaſt buſtle below: What is the matter, I wonder? I am called down; Lord S. calls me in a great hurry. Siſter, adieu.

* *

July 1.

Oh! Lady C. ſuch an accident! Where ſhould his Lordſhip and Sir William ſtrole to yeſterday, but into a garden in the Square where aunt Crawford lives. My brother owns he went thither, in hopes of catching a look at Letitia, if ſhe ſhould chance to be at any of the windows: But he eyed the houſe in vain, for he did not ſee her. At length, however, on turning one of the ſides of the garden, juſt entered at the gate, they ſaw two ladies, who did not meet them, but walked on, a very ſlow pace, the ſame way they did. A very ſmart woman, one of them, ſaid Lord S. Come, Harrington, let us have a peep at her face. Upon which, mending their ſpeed, they ſoon overtook the ladies; when getting before them, and turning their heads, who

ſhould one of them be but Miſs Randall! the other, I conclude, whoſe fine air had attracted his Lordſhip's notice, Mrs Stanhope.

And now, Lady C. take the following account of the interview, in Lord S.'s own writing; for I begged him this morning to pen it down for your peruſal. Here then I'll pin it on.

'Sir William, on ſeeing the lady's 'face, ſtarted, crying out, Good God! 'tis ſhe! and then ſtopped, leaning upon 'my arm, and fixing his eyes upon Miſs 'Randall. She fell into the arms of her 'companion, at the ſame time uttering, 'with a ſcream, Hide me! hide me! and 'then fainted.

'The amazement which now appear-'ed in the lady's countenance is not to 'be expreſſed. Sir, Sir, cried ſhe to Sir 'William, I fear, indeed I do, you are 'the man that would have uſed Miſs 'Randall ſo baſely! Oh, God! what 'ſhall I do with her, ſhe has no motion? 'I have not ſtrength to hold her. (Sir 'William, upon this, offered his aſſiſt-

ance)

'ance) No, no, continued ſhe, not you; 'your friend, Sir; he can't be ſo very 'diſagreeable to her as you. Will you, 'Sir? (to me.)

'I then ſupported her, at the ſame 'time ſaying to her friend, Would you 'have me carry the lady home, Madam? 'If you'll walk on, I'll follow you.

'Yes, Sir, anſwered ſhe, it is beſt ſhe 'ſhould be carried home, for there we 'may get help for her: The houſe is in 'this Square juſt by.

'She then moved on, but ſeeing Sir 'William followed us, Pray, Sir, ſaid 'ſhe, don't you offer to go with us; for 'if Miſs Randall recovers, and ſees you, 'ſhe will, I am certain, relapſe into a 'worſe ſtate than before. Stay behind, 'I beg you. Ah! why did you come to 'Bath? You muſt, I am ſure, be the man 'I ſuſpect, for no one elſe could have diſ-'ordered the dear girl in ſuch a ſtrange 'manner. Why do you ſtill continue 'perſecuting a woman your ill treatment 'had almoſt killed before? Pray, Sir, 'don't follow us.

'She

'She then walking on, I ſoon arrived 'at Mrs Crawford's houſe, which I knew, 'having been ſhewn it in the morning, 'and there I delivered my ſtill motion-'leſs charge into the hands of a ſervant, 'who came to the door upon the lady's 'knocking, who then, turning to me, 'ſaid, Excuſe, Sir, the rudeneſs I muſt be 'guilty of; I really can't aſk you to go 'in; pray, therefore, return to your 'friend.

'Oh, Madam! anſwered I, he will be 'diſtracted, I am ſure, unleſs I can con-'vince him of the lady's being ſafe: In-'deed I can't leave her, 'till ſhe comes to 'herſelf.

'I can't ſuffer it, Sir, replied ſhe; for, 'ſhould Mrs Crawford and Miſs Harring-'ton return from a little walk they went 'out to take, and find you in the houſe, 'I am ſure I ſhould highly incur their 'diſpleaſure for letting you be there; 'ſince, ſo very great is their indignation 'againſt your friend, Sir, for his wicked 'behaviour to a lady they eſteem ſo high-'ly, that your being his friend would

'make

'make them ſuſpect you: Pray, there-
'fore, go; I can't ſtay to talk with you;
'I muſt follow Miſs Randall.

'She had been carried up ſtairs by the
'ſervant who took her of me, and the
'girl who came down on hearing the
'buſtle; but when the lady offered to
'leave me, I took hold of her hand, ſay-
'ing, Since, Madam, you won't permit
'me to ſtay (which, if Mrs Crawford or
'Miſs Harrington were at home, I am
'ſure they would) I muſt inſiſt upon it,
'that you ſend a ſervant to me into the
'garden, where I will wait with my
'friend, to inform us of the lady's re-
'covery. This you ſhall promiſe me.

'I do, I do, ſaid ſhe, and then diſenga-
'ging her hand, ſhe left me.

'I returned thereupon to the place
'where I had parted from Sir William,
'but, to my great ſurpriſe, could not ſee
'him: However, looking narrowly about,
'at length I diſcovered him in one of
'the inner quarters of the garden, lying
'down, ſtretched out at full length, in a
'fit of violent deſpair. On ſeeing me,

'he

'he juſt raiſed his head: Oh, Charles!
'ſaid he, I am the moſt miſerable of men,
'Letitia hates me!

'Hope better things, replied I.

'Hope! returned he; hope is fled!
'What but hatred, the moſt fixed diſ-
'guſt, could have occaſioned that ſtrange
'diſorder in the dear girl, we have juſt
'now obſerved? 'Tis plain, 'tis plain Le-
'titia hates me; I therefore muſt be mi-
'ſerable—and then, uttering a diſmal
'groan, he ſtretched himſelf upon the
'graſs again.

'For Heaven's ſake, man, ſaid I,
'don't lie there! we ſhall have ſomebody
'come preſently and ſee you. Pray get
'up; for what would people think who
'were to behold you in ſuch a ſtrange diſ-
'ordered attitude?

'What care I for the opinion of the
'world, anſwered he? it is nothing to me
'now. Am I not hated by Letitia? ſhe
'whom I love beyond any thing elſe in
'the world, does ſhe not abhor my ſight?

'Love and hatred, returned I, will
'ſometimes cauſe the ſame appearances:

'It

'It might be owing to a remaining fond-
'neſs for you, which, from having been
'long ſmothered, broke out on ſeeing
'you with a violence ſhe could not ſup-
'port: This might occaſion the effects we
'have beheld in her.

'Ah, Charles! (ſtarting up, and catch-
'ing hold of my arm) what did'ſt thou
'ſay? Love! fondneſs!—Could that be
'the occaſion? Oh, if it were but poſ-
'ſible? Dear, dear girl! how does ſhe
'do? how did you leave her? Quite re-
'covered, I hope, out of her ſwoon?

'No, anſwered I, ſhe was not.

'Good God! uttered he, ſtamping
'with great violence; and couldſt thou
'leave her ſo? I'll fly to her myſelf—and
'he would have gone, if I had not held
'him.

'Stay, Sir William, ſtay, cried I;
'where would you go? Have patience, I
'beſeech you; we ſhall ſoon be informed
'of her condition, for the lady who is
'with her, has promiſed to give me notice
'of her recovery.

'Soon

'Soon after, a ſervant came to me, 'and, giving me the following billet, de-'parted.

"SIR,

"Miſs Randall has once more recovered "the uſe of reaſon, but is in ſo weak a "condition as ſcarcely to be able to ſpeak. "I have got her into bed, where I hope "reſt and quietneſs, if your friend does "not any more moleſt her, will perfect "her cure.

"I am now certain he is the man I take "him for: She has diſcovered that; for, "on her firſt opening her eyes, ſhe look-"ed about very wildly, and then cried "out, Thank God, he is not here! the "author of all my miſery is not here!

"Beg him, Sir, if you have any in-"fluence over him, to quit Bath inſtantly, "or elſe never more attempt coming into "this Square. Out of it Miſs Randall "never ſtirs, but in a chair ſometimes, "into the fields behind us; never let "him walk there, or near Mrs Crawford's

"houſe

" houſe any more, is the earneſt requeſt
" Miſs Randall's
" Moſt ſincere friend———"

'When Sir William had read this bil-
'let through, Ah, Charles! ſaid he, that
'ſhe hates me now, is ſo very plain, I
'think thou canſt not contradict it. Mind
'the firſt words ſhe ſpoke on recovery,
" Thank God, he is not here! the author
" of all my miſery is not here!"

'I really could afford him but very little
'comfort, ſo deſired him to walk home,
'which he ſoon complied with: And
'here, Lady C. ends the taſk my Julia has
'ſet me; ſhe herſelf had beſt give you an
'account of what happened after our ar-
'rival at our lodgings.'

Well then, concluding, my dear, that you have read his Lordſhip's account of the garden-ſcene, I'll take up the ſtory where he left off.

On going down, I found my brother in a ſtrange agitated ſtate of mind; too much ſo, indeed, to give us an account of any thing. He begged to be indul-

ged a little while alone in his own chamber. I then, upon his leaving us, learned the particulars of his diſorder from Lord S. who having finiſhed his account, and my brother not returning to us, I did not care to let him remain by himſelf any longer, ſo went to his apartment, and rapping at the door, which I found locked, begged him to open it, and let me in. He did ſo; but at the ſame time, with a moſt melancholy aſpect, ſaid, Ah, ſiſter! why will you thus cruelly diſturb me? To be ſure, the paper I write upon is not a deader white than his face; no colour either in his lips or cheeks. How I was frightened!

Dear brother, ſaid I, pray come down into the dining-room; don't ſit mopping here, for indeed if you do, you'll injure your health.

I care not for my health, or any thing elſe, replied he; Lord S. I ſuppoſe, has given you an account of our adventure juſt now.

He has, brother, anſwered I, and Miſs Randall was not more affected at ſo unexpected

expected a ſight of you, than I ſhould have concluded ſhe muſt, from the converſation between us in the morning. But yet I don't think you ought to deſpair, or afflict yourſelf in this ſtrange manner; ſince, in my opinion, your caſe would be much worſe, it would be far more hopeleſs, if ſhe could have ſeen you without emotion, and have coolly, indifferently, and deliberately, anſwered any queſtions you ſhould have put to her.

Oh, ſiſter, ſiſter! don't flatter me, ſaid he.

Indeed I do not flatter you, Sir William; I aſſure you, I ſpeak my real ſentiments: But come, let us go down to Lord S. We did ſo, and then ſent to Mrs Crawford's to enquire how *all* the family did. Word was to this brought back, that Mrs Crawford and Miſs Harrington were both well, but Miſs Randall greatly indiſpoſed. Indeed, ſaid the ſervant we had ſent, I fancied ſome of the family were not well; for, when I knocked at the door, out came the Doctor and

ged a little while alone in his own chamber. I then, upon his leaving us, learned the particulars of his diſorder from Lord S. who having finiſhed his account, and my brother not returning to us, I did not care to let him remain by himſelf any longer, ſo went to his apartment, and rapping at the door, which I found locked, begged him to open it, and let me in. He did ſo; but at the ſame time, with a moſt melancholy aſpect, ſaid, Ah, ſiſter! why will you thus cruelly diſturb me? To be ſure, the paper I write upon is not a deader white than his face; no colour either in his lips or cheeks. How I was frightened!

Dear brother, ſaid I, pray come down into the dining-room; don't ſit mopping here, for indeed if you do, you'll injure your health.

I care not for my health, or any thing elſe, replied he; Lord S. I ſuppoſe, has given you an account of our adventure juſt now.

He has, brother, anſwered I, and Miſs Randall was not more affected at ſo unexpected

expected a ſight of you, than I ſhould have concluded ſhe muſt, from the converſation between us in the morning. But yet I don't think you ought to deſpair, or afflict yourſelf in this ſtrange manner; ſince, in my opinion, your caſe would be much worſe, it would be far more hopeleſs, if ſhe could have ſeen you without emotion, and have coolly, indifferently, and deliberately, anſwered any queſtions you ſhould have put to her.

Oh, ſiſter, ſiſter! don't flatter me, ſaid he.

Indeed I do not flatter you, Sir William; I aſſure you, I ſpeak my real ſentiments: But come, let us go down to Lord S. We did ſo, and then ſent to Mrs Crawford's to enquire how *all* the family did. Word was to this brought back, that Mrs Crawford and Miſs Harrington were both well, but Miſs Randall greatly indiſpoſed. Indeed, ſaid the ſervant we had ſent, I fancied ſome of the family were not well; for, when I knocked at the door, out came the Doctor and

an Apothecary with him, as the maid who let me out told me they were.

Ah! cried my brother, when the ſervant was gone, what a dreadful conſequence follows my indiſcretion! Why did I enter that curſed Square? Why attempt to ſurpriſe my lovely girl? Doubtleſs, if ſhe had only ſeen me from one of the windows, ſhe would have been greatly diſturbed.

We ſpent, as you may imagine, Lady C. a very dull evening, parting at eleven; and, when Jenny came to me this morning, Law, Madam! ſaid ſhe, I am afraid Sir William is not well, for he told Jacob, when he went into his room to dreſs him, he might go about his buſineſs, for that he did not want him. What, will you not riſe, Sir, ſaid Jacob? Not to breakfaſt, anſwered his maſter—don't talk to me—go away from me, will you.

This piece of information greatly alarmed me; ſo that getting on my cloaths as faſt as I could, I ran directly to his chamber, and putting aſide the bed-curtain, Dear brother, ſaid I, for Heaven's

ſake,

ſake, rouſe yourſelf! don't grieve in ſuch an immoderate manner: Indeed there is no cauſe for it.

Ah! would to God, cried he, there was not! I am but too certain that there is.

I begged him to let me feel his hand. Oh! Lady C. it burned like fire! the man had fretted himſelf into a fever. Good Heaven, how I was frightened!

You are quite feveriſh, brother, ſaid I; pray let me ſend for ſome advice?

Advice, anſwered he, what advice think you can a phyſician give, that will be of ſervice to me? my diſorder is at my *heart*, and beyond their ſkill to touch, or remove.

Though they may not be able entirely to cure the inward malady, replied I, yet they may help it by removing your outward complaint; however I ſhall not teize you on this ſubject, but act according to my own opinion.

Hereupon I left him, and ſent for Dr M. who ſoon came, and eaſed me very much, by ſaying, he did not apprehend

my brother's diſorder to be dangerous at preſent.

I aſked the Doctor (but not in Sir William's hearing,) how the young lady did who was at Mrs Crawford's?

Why, really, Madam, anſwered he, I don't know what to make of her; ſhe ſeemed ſome time paſt to be getting well; but what has been the matter, I can't tell, for yeſterday in the evening, I was ſent for in a great hurry, and found her worſe, I think, than ſhe had ever been before. Indeed I fancy I ſhall not be able to do much for her? ſhe has left her phyſician behind her in the place ſhe came from.

You don't apprehend her to be in any immediate danger, do you, Doctor, ſaid I? She is not conſumptive, I hope?

Not yet, Madam, replied he, I don't think ſhe is; but if ſhe goes on, growing worſe inſtead of better, that, or ſomething as bad, muſt be her caſe. Oh, Madam! this love among young ladies, is a dreadful diſeaſe; it often makes fools of us phyſicians; for, Madam, when *love is*

in

in the caſe, the Doctor—You know what follows: And it is very true, continued he, laughing. A good facetious ſort of man this Dr M.

My brother is not able to riſe to-day, ſo I don't ſtir out, for indeed I can't think of leaving him. He has been aſleep for above an hour, Jenny tells me, who is his nurſe, that is, my aſſiſtant, for I go backwards and forwards to his room very often, as you will ſee by the different writing of this letter. When he is compoſed I take up my pen, for I can't do any thing elſe but write, being able to attend to no other ſubject but the preſent diſtreſs of my brother and Letitia. Poor creatures! what a ſtrange ſituation they are in!

Aunt Crawford and Cordelia have juſt ſent to let us know they are coming to drink tea here. How will they be alarmed at the meſſage I muſt ſend back concerning my brother's health. But I'll deſire them to come, for, in my ſituation, I really want the comfort of ſuch dear friends. Oh, ſiſter! how am I concern-

ed

ed about this brother of ours! I did not know the ſtrength of my affection for him, 'till this alarm ſhewed it me.

I won't cloſe this letter 'till night, becauſe I'll let you know how he does then, but adieu for the preſent.

* *

Aunt Crawford and my ſiſter are juſt gone, having given me ſome comfort and my brother too. They are ſure, they ſay, when Letitia hears of his indiſpoſition, ſhe will be properly affected with concern for him, and be induced to promiſe doing all in her power to recover him. This point Cordelia will urge with her, as far as is conſiſtent with ſafety to the poor girl's own health, and hopes to perſuade her to conſent to his paying her a viſit, as ſoon as he is able to get abroad. Ah, Letitia! if you would but promiſe that, I make no doubt he would ſoon be in a condition to attend you.

As to the ſtate of affairs between Sir James and our ſiſter, they are as happy as

as can be wiſhed; ſhe has conſented to be his very ſoon, but to be ſure will ſee her brother well firſt. The day I think is fixed, at the diſtance of a fortnight, and by that time I hope he will be well; and I farther hope, in ſome tolerable certainty of being happy: For if Letitia is now perverſe, if ſhe now refuſes her hand, I think ſhe will carry her punctilio by much too far, and ſhould the loſs of this dear brother be the conſequence, I never ſhould be able to forgive her.

If he is tolerably well in the morning, to-morrow, I intend going to my aunt's houſe, in order to talk the matter over a little with Letitia; after which, Lady C. I will very ſoon inform you of the ſucceſs of my negociation. I'll now conclude this letter, with the pleaſing aſſurance that Sir William reſts finely, which, I am ſure, will give as high ſatisfaction to you, as it does to

Your affectionate

JULIA S.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIX.

Lady S. in Continuation.

Bath, July 6.

NOT to dwell, my dear ſiſter, upon mournful particulars, when I have joyful tidings to ſend you, I begin with aſſurance that our brother is out of all danger; paſſing over the account I could give of his illneſs, to proceed to that of Letitia's having promiſed to ſee him when he gets well.

A little jade! ſhe a long time, for two whole days, ſtood firm againſt all the attacks which were ſtrongly made by Mrs Crawford, Cordelia, and myſelf; nay of Lord S. too, who once would join in our party: So ſtrongly did he intereſt himſelf in the cauſe of his *brother friend*, as he calls Sir William. But at length we have prevailed, ſo no wonder he recovers faſt, with

with ſuch a pleaſing expectation in view; though really when the hope of it was firſt given him, he was thereby ſo agitated, I feared a relapſe of his diſorder; and I believe it is no uncommon caſe to find an exceſs of joy as prejudicial to health, when the cauſe of it is ſudden, as an exceſs of grief can be, ſuch poor frail machines are our human bodies! but now in a few day, I hope, he will be able to pay her a viſit, and then doubtleſs all troubles and difficulties will be over between this ſtrange couple; born, I think, for my part, to give each other pain.

Sir James has a double joy in my brother's ſo faſt recovery, and in the likelihood there now is of his ſucceeding with the lady; becauſe his own happineſs could not be completed 'till there was a certainty of the other's taking place. We have now made Sir James acquainted with the whole truth of the matter, and Mrs Stanhope too; for in the ſtate affairs have lately been, ſuch an explanation to perſons ſo continually obſervant of all that paſſed

paſſed among us, was wholly unavoidable.

The wedding day is put off for the preſent, but I hope will ſoon be happily fixed again; ſince, I think, Cordelia will have no pretence for delay after my brother has had an interview with Miſs Randall. At which combat (as I ſuppoſe it will be) between a contrariety of paſſions, on the lady's ſide at leaſt, Lord S. and myſelf are both to be preſent; he by way of ſecond to the gentleman, I to the lady; and you, my dear, may depend upon having an exact account of it when it is over.

Since my brother's illneſs has been attended with no bad conſequences, I look upon it as one of the moſt lucky accidents which could have happened at this critical juncture; as by that, I make no queſtion, Letitia has been more ſenſibly affected, than ſhe would by all we could have urged in his behalf. She now owns, that although ſhe dreads, ſhe longs to ſee him; ſhe wiſhes the interview was over; which I wonder not at in the leaſt, ſince even I, who

who am ſo much leſs concerned, am in a violent *flutteration* about it.

I'll not write any more at preſent, but ſend this away directly; for I am ſure you will be extremely anxious to hear concerning our dear brother's health: I once more aſſure you, he is out of all danger, to the higheſt joy and ſatisfaction of

JULIA S.

LETTER XC.

Lady S. in Continuation.

Bath, July 13.

THE interview is over, and we are all alive—but really I thought, at one time, there would have been an exit or two, we had ſuch trembling and almoſt fainting doings.

Yeſterday, according to Miſs Randall's own appointment, Lord S. Sir William,

and myſelf, went in the morning to Mrs Crawford's, who, on entering the houſe, deſired the men to walk into the parlour to her, while I went up to the lady, who was with Cordelia in the dining-room; in order to prepare her for the ſcene ſhe was, poor girl! to go through.

I found her ſitting with my ſiſter, dreſſed, a little jade, though in a negligent, yet in the moſt becoming manner, all in white; and ſhe really looked vaſtly pretty.

Oh, Lady S. ſaid ſhe, when I entered the room, is—is—? and ſhe, faultering in her ſpeech, ſtopped.

I however underſtood what ſhe wanted to know, and anſwered, Yes, my dear, Sir William is below, impatiently waiting for a command to attend you. Will you let him come up immediately? Shall I——

No, no, no, cried ſhe, haſtily interrupting me, not yet. Indeed, indeed, my dear Lady S. I cannot ſee him yet—and ſhe trembled exceſſively.

Dear

Dear girl, ſaid I, endeavour to compoſe yourſelf. Have ſome drops of water; let Delia's maid be called for, to get you ſome.

I have juſt drank ſome, anſwered ſhe, and ſeveral times to-day before. Oh! Lady S. this is a day indeed! what ſhall I do? How can I ſee Sir William? I wiſh the firſt interview was happily over!

Let him come up, and it will be over, ſaid I. Shall my ſiſter go down and tell him he may be admitted? Do, Cordelia, go to him with that pleaſing information.

No, dear Miſs Harrington, not yet, cried Letitia: For——But to what purpoſe do I delay? it muſt be, if I put it off for ever ſo long a time. Do as you pleaſe.

My ſiſter ſtayed not to let her waver, but going down, ſent up, in a few moments, Sir William and Lord S. I, 'till their coming, doing and ſaying all in my power to give the poor trembling girl ſome little ſhare of courage.

Sir William, when he ſaw her (while love, reſpect, and confuſion, ſwam in his fine eyes) cried out, My dear, dear Letitia! and then was in ſuch emotion, he could utter no more; at the ſame time leaning upon Lord S.'s arm, not able to approach her.

Oh, Sir William! faintly, cried ſhe, and ſunk into my arms, hiding her bluſhing face in my boſom, and thus they continued for ſome moments.

But my brother quickly recovering a little more courage, came forward, tho' ſtill leaning upon Lord S. till he was cloſe by Letitia, and then dropping upon his knees, he took one of her hands, which, preſſing to his lips, it proved to him a better cordial than all the preſcriptions he had before taken; giving his eyes a new luſtre, and ſpreading a freſh and lively colour over his cheek.

Dear, dear girl, ſaid he, can you forgive me? can you forget the many injuries you have received?

She raiſed her head, and looking kindly,

ly, though very baſhfully upon him, anſwered—I can—I do

He kiſſed her hand again with tranſport. Sweet excellence! cried he in rapture—How ſhall I ever repay ſuch matchleſs goodneſs! Wretch that I was! ever to harbour a thought that could injure you, much leſs to attempt what I have attempted.

Theſe words, I conclude, recalled in her mind the ſcene between them at Windſor, and overpowered her (before ſo greatly weakened) ſpirits too much.

Oh, name not, ſaid ſhe,—and then, unable to utter more, ſhe again ſunk againſt me, and I really feared ſhe would have fainted; indeed ſhe was very near it; at ſight of which, my brother was in a condition little better. He would have ſunk down, I really believe, if he had not leaned upon his Lordſhip's arm. Oh, Charles! cried he, what has my folly, my indelicate folly done?

By the aſſiſtance of my ſalts, ſhe ſoon recovered. My brother, affected as he was himſelf, helping me to ſupport her,

though I was rather fearful, that when ſhe found herſelf in his arms, it would have diſcompoſed her.

But I was miſtaken, for he at the ſame time ſoothed her in ſuch a tender manner, as entirely reaſſumed her. After a while, being tolerably compoſed, ſhe ſat down, Sir William by her, gazing on her face with the higheſt pleaſure, and holding both her hands between his, while Lord S. and myſelf, who ſat on each ſide of them, were ſilent, patient witneſſes to ſuch a ſcene as it is impoſſible to deſcribe properly; it was *ſo* tender—*ſo* affecting—*ſo* every thing, that you muſt imagine, for I really can't deſcribe it. He accuſing himſelf, and complimenting her, in ſo genteel, ſuch a truly affectionate manner; ſhe now ſweetly ſmiling, and liſtening to his diſcourſe with ſuch a viſible delight, ſuch an heart-felt pleaſure, that between them they ſo touched the ſoul of my tender Lord and my ſoft ſelf, "as often to beguile us of "our tears," joyful tears, however, on the

the happy reconciliation—for ſuch it was, and a perfect one.

After about an hour ſpent in this manner, the gentlemen went down, and, ſending up my aunt and ſiſter, we all joined in congratulating Miſs Randall upon it, who ſaid, Yes, my dear ladies, my ſorrows now ſeem all to be paſt; I have forgiven your brother; he ſtill loves me, and I cannot fail of being happy.

We did not part all the day or evening, Sir James and Mrs Stanhope coming likewiſe to dinner; and we were, I may venture to affirm, a moſt happy ſet of people. Oh, what an help to recovery from any bodily diſorder, is a mind relieved from care! I thought I could perceive Miſs Randall and my brother every moment mend in their looks, during this charming day and evening. We left my aunt's houſe at a little after eleven.

We ſent, as ſoon as we roſe this morning, to enquire after the health of all the family in Queen-ſquare; and my brother, in a note he addreſſed to Miſs Randall, begged leave to wait upon her for an hour,

hour, adding, that if ſhe would give him her company quite *alone*, he ſhould eſteem the favour ſtill the higher. She comes on bravely; for word was ſent back, ſhe ſhould be *ready to receive him*; in conſequence of which, he went at twelve. He makes a very long hour of it, I think, for it is now almoſt three, and he not yet returned. Perhaps he won't come back to dinner, and then Lord S. and I ſhall do what we never have done before, dine entirely by ourſelves.

What a different meeting there was to-day between by brother and Letitia, I'll warrant you, compared to that I was a witneſs of yeſterday. No need now of Lord S. or me either, to ſupport them. Here is a fine change of affairs, ſuch as, I am ſure, gives me the higheſt pleaſure. Heaven grant that the change of ſentiment which at preſent appears in our brother, may be as real and as laſting!

A note to me from Sir William, Jenny has given me. What now, I wonder? Here, ſiſter, let his own words inform you.

" You

"You muſt not, dear Julia, take it a-
"miſs, that I do not come home to din-
"ner: I ſtay at Mrs Crawford's, who,
"with Miſs Randall, Miſs Harrington,
"and Sir James Stanhope, will, if it is
"convenient to you and his Lordſhip,
"wait on you to drink tea, and ſpend
"the evening.

"Your affectionate and happy
W. H.

Mighty well, Madam Letitia! dying one day, and going abroad the next. I have ſent word I ſhall be glad to ſee them all; and Mrs Stanhope, I'll ſend to her, to meet them, though ſhe is not mentioned by my brother; for I think it pity to break the ſet; it is beſt to be all together, ſince, according to an old ſaying, *the more the merrier*.

I muſt now dreſs for dinner, and my company in the afternoon, you know: So I'll lay down my pen, for the preſent, and finiſh the letter to-morrow morning.

* *

July

July 14.

To be ſure we women are very ſtrange kind of creatures; for the alteration of countenance in Letitia, in ſo ſhort a time, is ſcarcely credible: She really begins to have colour in her cheeks again. My trouble and vexation of ſpirit being over, I can't help taking to my old tricks; and after all the good folks had been a little time ſeated, taking out a white handkerchief from my pocket, I went to Miſs Randall, and wiped her face, then looking upon the handkerchief. No, realy, ſaid I, 'tis a miſtake of mine—all nature, I proteſt!—Why child, I thought you had been painted to-day, there appears ſuch an uncommon bloom in your countenance; but it is a ſort that will not wipe off—and may it never, never again wear off.

Her cheek was, upon this action and ſpeech of mine, far deeper than before. Your vivacity has not left you, I find, Lady S. ſaid ſhe; you ſtill take delight to put people into confuſion by your unaccountable turns and whimſies.

She

She is a ſtrange girl, indeed, Miſs Randall, replied my brother. But, Lord S. why don't you tame her? Why do you, who are her lord and maſter, ſuffer her to continue ſuch mad pranks?

Ah! cried he, with an affected ſigh, it is not in my power; ſhe was too far advanced in *her* power before *my* time began.

Yes, yes, ſaid my aunt, ſhe was too old to mend before your Lordſhip knew her.

A very pretty character of me was given amongſt them; don't you think ſo, Lady C.? I am, you find, moſt ſadly uſed ſometimes; but having a tolerable good ſpirit of my own, I don't lay it much to heart, I bear it all pretty well.

After ſupper, Sir James Stanhope addreſſed us all, ſaying, That now the affair which had for ſome time been the occaſion of poſtponing his happineſs, was determined ſo agreeably to the wiſhes of all parties, he hoped the day which was to render his felicity complete, might once more be fixed.

It

It is very reaſonable it ſhould, anſwered my brother; come, I'll name one—This day ſe'en-night.—Has any body here an objection to make to it? at the ſame time bowing to all the company round.

None, none, very readily replied Mrs Crawford, Lord S. and, in ſhort, all of us but Cordelia, who did not ſpeak at all; which not being by any of us conſtrued as an objection, the day was fixed to be that my brother mentioned: So on the twentieth inſtant Cordelia puts on her fetters. I wiſh, ſiſter, you could be at the ceremony, but at the ſame time know that wiſh to be vain; ſince I cannot even hope your health, in ſo ſhort a time, is well enough eſtabliſhed to let you ſafely take ſuch a journey.

I hope, however, you are well enough to write to me, and that I ſhall have a letter from you very ſoon, for, if you don't take up your pen now you are, I hope, able to do it, you ſhall not hear again in haſte, I can tell you, from.

Your

JULIA S.

P. S.

P. S. My brother writes this day to Mr Randall, in order to procure his approbation of his addreſſes to Letitia; but we agree never to let the good gentleman know, nor Charlotte neither, of the baſe part it was once his intention to have acted: There is, to be ſure, no ſort of occaſion ever to diſcover this to them, for it could anſwer no good end, and might injure him in their opinion.

LETTER XCI.

Sir WILLIAM HARRINGTON to the Reverend Mr RANDALL.

Bath, July 14.

THE affair, Reverend Sir, which I mentioned to you, when I laſt had the happineſs of ſeeing you, between me and a certain lady, to whom I then told you I paid my addreſſes, was, for various reaſons, declined on both ſides, be-

fore my arrival at this place; being freed from this engagement, the high friendly regard I have ever had for your amiable daughter, the ſtrong inſtance ſhe has lately given of the moſt determinate virtue, together with the many opportunities I have lately had of frequent converſations, have diſcovered to me ſo many charms of temper, mind, and perſon, that they all concur to make me the moſt paſſionate of her admirers, ſhe receives my addreſs as favourably as I ought to expect, ſince it is not yet authoriſed by you; which favour, dear Sir, is now what I ſue for. Let me beg, that you will conſent to my happineſs yourſelf, and alſo write to your daughter, ſignifying that you do, which will, I hope, remove all her objections, and give the moſt heartfelt ſatisfaction, to, dear Sir,

Your ſincere friend,

and highly obliged,

W. HARRINGTON.

LETTER

LETTER XCII.

Lady C. to Lady S.

C. Park, July 20.

MOST ſincere are my congratulations to my brother, and all the family, on the preſent happy ſtate affairs are in; may they ever continue ſo, and no croſs accidents happen to mar their delights, is my heart's wiſh! Another is, that I could be a witneſs of your joys, but as that is impoſſible, I take up the pen, to write upon the ſubject which is neareſt to my heart, now that my dear Lord is perfectly recovered, which I have the happineſs to aſſure you he is.

I am likewiſe able to go abroad again, have been two or three airings, and once to viſit Mrs Gage, who, with the worthy partner of her heart, join in compliments to Lord S. Sir William, and your-

ſelf, to our ſiſter likewiſe, (though unknown to her) they add their wiſhes of happineſs, in that ſtate ſhe is this day to enter on, to thoſe of the Earl, Lord C. and myſelf.

The poem I began when you was with me, my late ill ſtate of health, and confinement to my chamber, has given me ſufficient time to finiſh, I now incloſe it for your peruſal, and that of Lady Stanhope, as I conclude our ſiſter is by this time called, it being paſt noon.

So the name of Harrington is loſt by all the women of our family; yet happily loſt, I think I may venture to pronounce, ſince thoſe men who have honoured us with theirs, are all ſo very worthy. Once more let me repeat, may you and Cordelia be happy, as happy as I am in the nuptial ſtate, for happier you cannot be, ſince I am certain no human being can poſſibly be more perfectly ſo, than

Your truly affectionate

CONSTANTIA C.

The DUTY of a WIFE.

YE tuneful nine, my artleſs lay inſpire,
With energy, and true poetic fire!
Sweet Prudence, thy unerring art diſplay,
And thou, fair Wiſdom, lend a brigt'ning ray!
Unite your forces, as my numbers riſe,
Great is the taſk, yet glorious is the prize!
That prize to gain, aſpiring muſe take wing,
Attempt, the duty of a wife, to ſing!
Firſt, of her Lord, the temper let her ſcan,
And lay thereon, of future bliſs, the plan.
Whene'er his troubled boſom heaves with rage,
Try gentle means the tempeſt to aſſwage;
Or if ſome wayward humours ſhould appear,
To ſooth, or overlook them, be her care.
In trifles if ſhe mildly yields the way,
With grateful confidence her love he'll pay;

To her will truſt his hopes, his doubts, his fears,
And frankly mingle all his ſoul with hers.
The fineſt form adorn'd with graceful art,
Derives new pow'r to captivate the heart;
And, if, before the nymph became a bride,
The various ornaments of dreſs ſhe try'd;
Let her purſue the innocent deceit,
And play, with double diligence, the cheat:
For tho' a conqueſt is with eaſe obtain'd,
Once loſt, alas! 'tis hard to be regain'd!
Therefore, if dreſs aſſiſted to allure,
Purſue it ſtill, the captive to ſecure.
With every grace our perſons we ſhould arm,
Nor loſe, thro' want of ornament, a charm:
Elſe languid ſoon the nuptial flame will burn,
And the bright *goddeſs* to mere *woman* turn.
Yet be not dreſs, tho' one, our only care,
External charms, however ſoft and fair,
Cannot preſerve the ardour of deſire,
Unleſs the mental virtues feed the fire.
Good ſenſe will charm when *Beauty* is decay'd,
Good ſenſe, the blooming ſweet, that cannot fade!

But

But gains from time an higher ſtrength to
pleaſe,
And give the wife a pow'r that ne'er can
ceaſe.
But then her wit muſt never be diſplay'd,
Where it the huſband's province might in-
vade:
Be ſhe content ſole *miſtreſs* to remain,
Nor poorly ſtrive the *maſterſhip* t' obtain.
This would occaſion jars, inteſtine ſtrife,
Imbitter all the ſweets of nuptial life!
Then let her not for government contend,
But uſe this policy to gain her end—
Make him *believe* he holds the ſov'reign
ſway,
And ſhe may *rule*, by ſeeming to *obey*.
No ſtate can be replete entire with joy,
Some incidents will happen to annoy;
But ſhe ſhould never heighten the diſtreſs,
Be it her care to make the croſſes leſs:
Not ſpoil with diſcontented frowns her face,
Ill-nature is an enemy to grace.
But fair *Good humour* brightens all her
charms,
And ev'n misfortue's bitt'reſt rage diſarms.

LETTER

LETTER XCIII.

Lady S. to Lady C.

Bath, July 24.

LADY Stanhope joins with me in returning thanks for the poem you favoured us with. Excellent advice, my dear, and I make no doubt Cordelia will moſt punctually obſerve it. She has a tractable ſoftneſs of diſpoſition, quite capable of doing ſo; but as to myſelf, I'll be as good as I can, and that is all I am able to promiſe you.

On the 20th, Sir James robb'd us of our ſiſter, but as no very remarkable incidents happened during the day, I won't trouble you with a parcel of trifling circumſtances, ſo ſhall only obſerve, that it was ſpent in a chearful happy manner. The ceremony was performed at Mrs Crawford's houſe, where the new married pair

pair are to remain during their ſtay in Bath.

Our brother is now perfectly recovered from all his late diſorders both of mind and body, and Miſs Randall regains her health and good looks very viſible, every day. They both ſeem happy *now* in the ſame degree they were miſerable *before*; and Sir William behaves to her with ſuch polite aſſiduity, ſuch tender attention, as wins the hearts of us all: It is therefore no wonder hers is more than ordinarily touched, and returns his affection with the moſt delighted gratitude.

Mr Randall has wrote to his daughter, and anſwered my brother's letter: Good man, he is ſo pleaſed with what he calls his girl's *undeſerved good fortune*, and expreſſes his obligations in ſuch a manner, as greatly affected me when the letter was ſhewn me: The overflowings of his grateful honeſt heart making my ſenſibility overflow at my eyes.

Oh! brother, ſaid I (we being alone when he gave me the letter) how different *now* muſt be the ſenſations of your heart

on

on receiving ſuch a letter as this, to what they would have been, had you ſucceeded in your former deſigns, and the unhappy parent had *then* wrote to you?

Dear, dear ſiſter, anſwered he, never more, I beſeech you, mention that vile blot upon my principles: I am entirely aſhamed of it, and could wiſh it buried in a total oblivion.

Now all his perſuaſions are daily and hourly uſed with Letitia to fix his happy day! Bleſs me, Lady C. what a number of weddings we have in our family? and ſo very quick too, one after another, ſurely our hiſtories would make a tolerable figure in the novel way.

He has engaged me and Cordelia to be his advocates in this cauſe too. His old way; ever in a moſt violent hurry, when he is once reſolved upon any thing. But Letitia is as reſolute as he can be; ſhe refuſes to be his, till our arrival in London, where we are to be met by her father and ſiſter, ſhe having a deſire her father himſelf ſhould tie the indiſſoluble knot. Now this requeſt I think is reaſonable, and therefore

therefore have promiſed it ſhall be granted her, upon condition that ſhe will come upon us with none of her delays, and put-offs, when we arrive in town and all the parties are met. She ſays ſhe will not, ſo this is the rēport I am to make to my brother, whom I expect here every moment, to learn the ſucceſs of my negociation. Here he comes

* *

Well he has agreed to the terms, but vows if this is to be the caſe he won't ſtay long at Bath; in conſequence of which reſolve of his, I ſuppoſe we ſhall very ſhortly ſet out for London. This he tells me ſhall be ſettled in the evening when we are all to meet at Mrs Stanhope's lodgings. I am quite in love with that lady, ſiſter, and find, on being acquainted with her, all that Cordelia uſed to write in her praiſe, was leſs than ſhe really deſerves.

We expect you and Lord C. will meet us in town. And as Lord S.'s houſe is large and commodious, I inſiſt on having you

you for my gueſts. You muſt come up, ſiſter; indeed we can't excuſe you. I won't conclude this letter 'till our day of ſetting out is fixed, which I deſire may determine yours.

Bath, July 25.

It was agreed upon laſt night, by all parties, at the general aſſembly of the ſtates, that a grand proceſſion of two coaches and ſix, with a proper retinue, ſhould ſet out from this place on the 31ſt inſtant, the cavalcade to end at the houſe of Lord S. in Groſvenor-ſquare: And it was by the ſaid States General moſt earneſtly inſiſted upon, that on the ſame day Lord C. and his Lady ſhould ſet forward on a journey out of Nottinghamſhire, in order to give a meeting at the aforeſaid place of rendezvous, to their friends and allies there aſſembled.

Indeed, ſiſter, you muſt come; and to make our joy quite complete, pray ſet out the ſame day we do, and then you will arrive in town much about the ſame time with us, thereby making your friends all happy.

Miſs

Miſs Randall is to take up her abode with me, but Sir William is to be at Mrs Montague's, which is a punctilio Letitia inſiſts upon, and I don't think unreaſonable, all former circumſtances conſidered.

My brother has wrote again to Mr Randall, begging leave, when he arrives in town, to ſend his chariot to fetch up himſelf and Miſs Charlotte. I would have given them an invitation to my houſe, though I ſhould have been rather put to it, to have lodged them properly; and this Miſs Randall, who perfectly knew the houſe, foreſaw, ſo would not ſuffer me to be put to any inconvenience, ſaying, ſhe was ſure her papa and ſiſter would rather chooſe to be at Mr Chambers's.

She has accordingly wrote to them, and ſettled it in that manner. This I don't much like, for fear Mrs Chambers ſhould make ſome unlucky diſcoveries; but Letitia will, as much as poſſible, guard againſt it, by giving the good woman proper caution when ſhe arrives in town.

We would fain perſuade aunt Crawford to go up with us, and pay a viſit to her ſiſter Montague, but pleaded in vain. She will not return again to London 'till her ſon returns from his travels.

By the way, Lady C. I ought to inform you, that ſhe had a letter laſt week from this couſin of ours, which informs her he is at Florence at preſent, and that he purpoſes returning to England in about ſeven months. This, good lady, gives high joy to her; and no wonder, he is her only child, and, I believe, a very hopeful deſerving youth.

On the 31ſt, as a paragraph I inſerted for your peruſal informed you, my Lord and ſelf, Sir James Stanhope and Lady, Sir William Harrington and his adored Letitia, (indeed he does adore her now, I think, for I never ſaw a man ſo dotingly fond) are to ſet out for London, where we ſhall arrive Auguſt the ſecond; and to be met there by Lord C. and yourſelf, is the ſincere wiſh and deſire of the aforeſaid travellers, and moſt particularly ſo of

JULIA S.

LETTER XCIV.

Lady STANHOPE to Mrs CRAWFORD.

London, Auguſt 3.

WE arrived ſafe here laſt night, and had the happineſs of being met by Lord and Lady C. She looks charming well, and is perfectly recovered from her late indiſpoſition. Aunt Montague too ſpent the evening with us, and I believe a more happy ſet of people never were before aſſembled.

My ſiſter's houſe is indeed a very handſome one, but at preſent a little crowded by the three happy ſiſters and their worthy huſbands, together with our charming ſiſter-elect, our dear Letitia, who deſires me to preſent her moſt grateful acknowledgments to you, for the favours ſhe received at Bath.

My brother's chariot ſet out this morning for Hampſhire, in order to fetch up Mr Randall and Miſs Charlotte; ſo, in a very ſhort time, I ſuppoſe, we ſhall have another wedding among us.

I would not omit writing to-day, being certain you would be anxious to hear of our ſafe arrival; but I can add no more at preſent, (after having conveyed the love and duty of all here) than that I am, dear Madam,

Your affectionate

CORDELIA STANHOPE.

LETTER XCV.

Lady STANHOPE in Continuation.

Groſvenor-ſquare, Auguſt 10.

MR Randall and Miſs Charlotte are now in town, and ſuch a buſtle is begun with both the ſiſters about buying their trappings. Letitia is to be very fine

ſine, for the old gentleman will ſpare no expence, he ſays: Her cloaths indeed are all my brother will accept of with her, for he deſires Mr Randall will make Miſs Charlotte ſole heireſs to all his poſſeſſions.

This propoſal is no more than I expected from Sir William; he does not want money, and to ſo noble a fortune as his own, indeed, what would be the trifling addition of ſeven or eight thouſand pounds, whereas it will be a very pretty addition to Charlotte's fortune.

My late dear mother's jewels are all given to be new ſet, with ſome additions to them. Miſs Randall's virtue, my brother ſays, deſerves to ſhine, and ſhe ſhall in all reſpects make the ſame appearance when his wife, as if ſhe had brought him a large fortune.

In this particular too, I think, he judges right, ſince the more honour he himſelf pays to his choice, the more the world will reſpect it.

If Mr Randall, in this trip to London, ſhould diſpoſe of his other daughter, I ſhall not be ſurpriſed; for Mr Renholds,

a gentleman with whom my brother is exceſſively intimate—that gentleman Lady S. uſed to mention in her letters, when ſhe wrote us an account of Sir William's tranſactions after Miſs Randall came to Bath. This Mr Renholds, if I am not miſtaken greatly, beholds Miſs Charlotte with more than a common regard; but then he is ſuch a diſmal rake, and of courſe no friend to matrimony, that I hope ſhe will beware of him, a caution, which, if I ſee cauſe, I ſhall take the liberty to hint to her. I am, dear Madam,

Your truly affectionate

CORDELIA STANHOPE.

LETTER XCVI.

Lady STANHOPE in Continuation.

Groſvenor-ſquare, Auguſt 18.

I HAVE not been able to touch a pen ſince I wrote to my dear aunt laſt; we have been in ſuch a great hurry and buſtle

buſtle about wedding preparations, but now ſurely we ſhall be more quiet, ſince all the family are at length diſpoſed of to their hearts content.

Two days ſince Mr Randall united his charming daughter to our happy brother! Oh, with what rapture did he receive the gift! and a valuable gift ſhe was—looked ſo innocent, ſo pretty, ſhe was indeed a moſt lovely bride!

It was, to be ſure, one of the moſt public private weddings that ever was known. We had, it is true, except Mr Renholds, (who is ſtill Sir William's inſeparable) no perſons but thoſe of our own immediate family; but then that family is of itſelf ſo very numerous, when all the ſeveral parts of it are aſſembled, as to form a great crowd, without any other additions. Twelve of us ſat down to dinner—a good round company.

I think I never, in all my life, ſaw a man ſo viſibly happy as Mr Randall, through the whole happy day; his was a ſweet, calm, tranquil, and therefore ſubſtantial joy! Letitia, I dare ſay, was happy,

py, greatly ſo; but our bridal days can never be our happieſt days! As to my brother, he ſeemed to be all made up of rapture, which muſt occaſion a tumult in his breaſt, not ſo deſireable as the calm happineſs of Mr Randall.

Mr Renholds, I thought, had a kind of envy ſeated on his brow, and, by the glances he ſometimes caſt upon Miſs Charlotte, in my opinion, ſeemed to indicate a wiſh, that he had ſacrificed his beloved liberty to her, at the ſame time my bro- had devoted his to Letitia. And as to Charlotte herſelf, am ſure he is not an indifferent perſon, for her pretty eyes do now and then tell tales of her heart, not only to me, but both my ſiſters, who make the ſame obſervations, and draw the ſame concluſions from them with myſelf.

It ſeems he viſits her at Chambers's. Surely our brother, who is privy to theſe viſits, knows with what deſign they are made, and then, I think, all muſt be ſafe; ſince, if he is not yet entirely deveſted of all his former libertine principles, and would connive at an affair of gallantry between

tween his friend and an indifferent woman, his *wife's ſiſter*, he certainly muſt think it his duty to protect; her honour he muſt be tenacious of. This makes Lady C. Lady S. and myſelf pretty eaſy, and we all rely upon our brother's diſcretion, ſo at preſent do not interfere in the affair.

As to Mr Randall, he is as blind in this caſe, as he was to the attachment of Sir William to his other daughter, when he firſt brought her up to town, at which time Lady S. ſays, it was plain to every body but him.

Good man, this blindneſs ariſes from the honeſt diſpoſition of his own heart: He lays no plots, forms no contrivances, but ſpeaks his mind without any ſort of guile; therefore ſuſpects not in others what he would not practiſe himſelf: His charity inducing him to think other people act upon the ſame principles of integrity.

We are all to ſet out for Harrington-Hall on the 22d. *All*, I ſay, for will you believe it, Madam? aunt Montague will honour us with her company! the *ſnail*,

my

my pert ſiſter Julia ſays, is at length perſuaded to quit its *ſhell*, a thing it has not done for a night theſe five years before.

You thought we made a grand appearance when we ſet out from Bath, but that was a poor inſignificant ſhow, compared to that we ſhall now exhibit: Not ſo fine by *half;* ſince, inſtead of *two*, we ſhall have in the cavalcade *four* coaches and ſix, thus filled,

In that of Lord C. himſelf, Lady, Mrs Montague, and Mr Randall; In Lord S.'s, his Lordſhip, my ſiſter, Sir James and myſelf; In my brother's, Sir William, Lady Harrington, Miſs Charlotte and Mr Rennolds; my coach carrying the four Ladies' women.

To each coach, three ſervants on horſeback and a led horſe belonging to each of the gentlemen, except Mr Randall.

Here, my dear aunt, is a noble parade for you! one almoſt as ſumptuous as that on the wedding of *Sir Charles Grandiſon*, as contrived (to uſe the words of Lady G.) by *Earl Marſhal Selby*.

Now

Now upon the road, what great reſpect will be paid to our grand appearance? when if all the ſame individual people were to travel in a caravan, how totally diſregarded might they paſs along! it is, let great perſons think as they will, not to themſelves, but to their appearance, reſpect is paid; and how ought this thought to allay their pride in the midſt of all their ſtate? it certainly muſt allay it when they reflect, that if a common beggar was to change ſituations with them: The homage would then be payed to him, while they, as he did before, might paſs unnoticed.

London at preſent is really a moſt deplorable place; no good company in it, which renders it very diſagreeable, ſince it wants the rural beauties of the country to make up the deficiency. We have been once at Vauxhall and Ranelagh; they are to be ſure charming places both, but too laboured to be put in any ſort of competition with the delightful face of Nature in her own wild beautiful variety.

I have a longing deſire to get again into the country, and that deſire is not a little encreaſed on conſideration of *what country* I am going into: My native place. But then on reviſiting the hall, what tender, what affecting ſenſations will riſe in my breaſt! the place of abode of my late dear father. Oh, Madam, how time runs on! dead now very near two years! what changes in his family ſince that time? None of his children then engaged: Now all of them married. We have, to be ſure, been very haſty, but I hope not unjuſtifiably ſo; for, as we were circumſtanced, I don't ſee how we could well, any of us, avoid acting as we have done?

Mr Renholds, you find, Madam, is to make one of our Hampſhire party. Oh, my brother! ſurely he is certain to what purpoſe! Well, I ſhall be better able to judge of this when we get to the hall; for Miſs Charlotte will not be with us, but at her father's houſe about four miles diſtant, and if he is very frequent in his viſits there, I ſhall ſuppoſe my conjectures

tures are not without good foundation; and I ſhould likewiſe imagine, that ſuch a kind of proceeding muſt open Mr Randall's eyes, and make him bring the gentleman to a proper explanation.

Lady Harrington begins to have ſuſpicions about the affair, and has told us ſiſters ſo. But ſays, Miſs Charlotte has not yet mentioned it to her; for which reaſon we conclude the gentleman has not yet made any abſolute declaration.

Sir William either does not know much, or elſe is very cloſe about the matter, for he does not give ſo much as an hint concerning it, even to his Letitia, therefore all we go upon, it is mere ſurmiſe, for we are all in the dark as to reality at preſent. But the next letter you receive, which I fancy will be from Harrington-hall, I hope will ſtate the affair in a clearer light than at preſent is in the power of, dear Madam,

Yours moſt affectionately,

CORDELIA STANHOPE.

LETTER XCVII.

Lady S. to Mrs CRAWFORD.

Harrington-Hall, September 6.

AFTER hearing from my ſiſter Stanhope, the day following our arrival at this place, has not your wonder, my dear aunt, been excited at the ſilence ſhe has ſince kept? but you muſt excuſe her, for there has been no time here for writing, I can aſſure you.

Such a continual hurry, ſurely the like was never known! in ſhort, my brain is almoſt turned with it, and I am as mad through the buſtle which has been made, as thoſe people who made it have been through joy.

For ſuch joy there has been among all the tenants upon the coming home of a Lady Harrington—a Lady Harrington they all loved before ſhe had that title.

Miſs Randall was a charming lady, the good women ſay, ſo deſerved to be fortunate;

nate; and they like her a vaſt deal better than they ſhould have done one of your fine town-bred madams, who, they ſuppoſe, would have held up her head ſo high, no common body muſt have dared to have ſpoken to her.

So my brother's choice is approved here, it ſeems; and indeed I don't wonder at it, for Lady Harrington behaves in a manner which muſt gain the eſteem of every one. She obſerves in her conduct the proper medium; is not too ſubmiſſive, nor yet too lofty: Indeed ſhe is a moſt charming woman, and I do think, in all reſpects calculated to make my brother, as well as herſelf, happy; ſhe has ſuch a ſweetneſs of diſpoſition as will properly regulate his fire. We ſiſters all rejoice in his felicity, our love for him making us ſhare his ſatisfaction with a truly heart-felt pleaſure.

Open houſe has been kept ever ſince our arrival, and we have had dancing, ſinging, and all kinds of mirth, without end, making the country all alive. But now the entertainment of the lower ſort

of gentry is pretty well over, and we begin to think of the high-life viſits we are to receive upon the occaſion, which I declare I ſhall not take half the joy in, which I have received by the other; for what pleaſure in life can exceed that of giving happineſs to a ſet of honeſt creatures, made happy by your bounty? Such is the pleaſure my brother now has, and I am a joyful witneſs to.

We viſitants are to ſtay a month with Sir William, and then to ſet out for our reſpective habitations in the country; though the ſeaſon of the year, at preſent, I fancy will not ſuffer us to enjoy much pleaſure at them: But the ſummer has all of it paſſed away in ſuch a manner, I could not go into Berkſhire before. However, when I get there, I intend to pay the people for my remiſſneſs in going thither, by following (with my Lord's permiſſion, who is full as deſirous of it as myſelf) the good example my brother has ſet us in this part of the world, endeavouring, in the ſame manner he has done,

done, to win the affections of all the people under us.

This, in my opinion, is a thing abſolutely neceſſary to be done by all landlords, ſince they will ever be ſure to find themſelves better attended to through motives of *love* than thoſe of *fear*; the firſt paſſion being moſt natural to a generous ſoul.

I am inclined to hope there is another match going forward among us, for there is a moſt particular regard ſhewn by Mr Renholds to Miſs Randall. Now I think this will do mighty well, if the man will ſettle in this part of the world, and drop all his vile town acquaintance. However, as Lady Stanhope tells me ſhe ſaid in her laſt letter to you, this is all ſurmiſe at preſent, for Charlotte, who has been taxed by her ſiſter concerning it, declares ſhe has no certainty to build upon. To be ſure, ſaid ſhe, Mr Renholds is now, and has been ever ſince his firſt acquaintance with me, very particular in his behaviour; he ſays a great many gallant,

and indeed very tender things to me, but nothing abſolutely to the purpoſe.

Now, my dear aunt, if this friend *Jack* of my brother's, does mean nothing but mere gallantry in all this, I think he is an abominable vile wretch, for I can ſee, and I fancy he has penetration enough to ſee it too, that the artful manner in which he behaves to Charlotte makes no little progreſs in obtaining the girl's affection; therefore if he does not intend properly to treat a paſſion he by ſuch kind of behaviour endeavours to raiſe, he is moſt inexcuſably baſe, and my brother, I think, almoſt as inexcuſable, for ſuffering him to proceed in ſuch a manner.

This I hinted to Sir William in the morning; nay, more than hinted, for I told him, he ought to aſk Mr Renholds plainly, and without delay, if he had not been told before, what his intentions really were, regarding Miſs Charlotte? to which my brother replied,

'Tis a ſtrange thing that a man can't be a little gallant with a woman, but inſtantly

ſtantly all the females of the family imagine he muſt have a particular meaning in it: 'Tis an hard caſe upon us men.

Much harder upon the women, anſwered I, that you men ſhould think yourſelves allowed to ſay a parcel of fine things, which abſolutely tend to gain the affection of a woman, without any meaning but what is called gallantry. But I will venture to affirm, that in this caſe, Mr Renholds goes farther than the bounds of mere gallantry; he treads very near the path of real love, in his conduct to Miſs Charlotte; at leaſt his actions carry a very ſtrong appearance of it, ſo no wonder if ſhe is led into ſuch an opinion. Now, ſpeak honeſtly, and from your heart, brother; don't you think ſo?

Pſhaw! returned he, (his uſual word, when he is at a loſs, or does not care to anſwer a queſtion) you are a ſtrange girl, Julia! and away he went, leaving me to think juſt what I pleaſed.

And what to think of the matter, I own I am at a great loſs, as well as Lady C. Lady Harrington, and Lady Stanhope: We

We often call a little council about it, but know not what to do in the caſe; the known free character of Renholds rather makes us fearful for Charlotte; for that ſhe is much taken with him, is a caſe paſt all doubt with us now.

To be ſure it is utterly impoſſible for any ſtate in this frail world, to be entirely free from all kinds of trouble and vexation; I have none abſolutely relating to myſelf or family, yet I am anxious and uneaſy for my friend; and this proves the juſtice of an obſervation of Lady C. in her poem, entitled, The Duty of a Wife:

No ſtate can be entire replete with joy,
Some incidents will happen to annoy.

Charlotte is alſo a kind of relation, as well as friend, being ſiſter to my brother's wife: She is dear to me on that account, but more ſo upon the ſcore of her own merit; ſhe is in all reſpects a moſt deſerving girl, and I ſincerely wiſh her happy.

The

The four happy pairs, which this houſe at preſent contains, join in their united wiſhes of happineſs to you and to Mrs Stanhope, aunt Montague alſo adding hers.

And, Madam, when you ſee Dr M. my compliments to him, he is, in my opinion, a *good*, though an *odd* ſort of a man; which, ſo odd a creature as ſhe often is herſelf, can be no ſort of objection to

JULIA S.

LETTER XCVIII.

The Hon. JOHN RENHOLDS to Mr LOYD.

Harrington-Hall, Sept. 10.

I Do verily believe, Bob, I ſhall follow the example Charles and Will have ſet me, taking ſhortly unto myſelf a wife, and with a deſign too of *living* with her.

By Heaven, I am undone! that ſame Charlotte I uſed to toaſt when I was laſt in town,

town, ſhe has done the miſchief; ſhe has laid ſuch hold of me, I cannot, let me ſtruggle as I will, diſengage myſelf; ſo have her, at all events, I muſt.

Now upon any plan but that of matrimony there is not the leaſt ſhadow of hope I can ſucceed; for ſo curſedly are things ſituated in that particular, as to make *honour*, even in my opinion, abſolutely oppoſe it, if inclination drove never ſo ſtrong. She is ſiſter to the wife of my deareſt friend! her father ſuch a worthy, ſuch a deſerving man; and beſides this, ſhe is connected in ſuch a ſtrong link of friendſhip with Sir William Harrington's three amiable ſiſters, Lady C. Lady S. and Lady Stanhope, as makes it impoſſible to hope for ſucceſs. Such a ſiſterhood of women would be able to baffle the art of a *devil*, much more of a poor *man*: So thou ſeeſt, Bob, no hopes are to be formed of getting Charlotte but as a wife, and my *wife* ſhe ſhall be, by Jupiter.

I have had a moſt confounded ſtruggle with my heart about this point, I can aſ-

ſure

ſure thee, though, I did not tamely give it up, making as good a ſtand as I could, but, alas, to no ſort of purpoſe, for at laſt my heart thus plainly told me, Why look ye, friend Jack, ſince thou haſt been ſuch a plaguy ſimple fool as to run me into danger, thou muſt even pay for it: Thou wert mad to ſee this Charlotte, from the fine character thou hadſt heard of her, and the view of her picture: Now ſee the conſequence of that acquaintance thou coveted'ſt, and take it for thy pains. Thus ſaid my heart, at length grown ſo much my maſter, I was unable to reſiſt, for love had made me

Too impotent to be rebellious.

Oh, Bob and Tom, how will you both deſpiſe me! you who ſtill remain ſtaunch and unſhaken in your old principles: But I ſhall not ſingly ſtand the onſet of your raillery, for Charles and Will are both gone over, ſo I ſhall have company in this my new enterpriſe, that is one comfort. But then I ſuppoſe I ſhall, in a more

more than ordinary manner, ſuffer in your opinion: I whom you have ever looked upon as the trueſt member of your ſociety; for me to be loſt to you is, you will perhaps ſay, what you never expected. But I follow the example ſet me by thoſe two men we uſed to call our leaders. See of what prevailing force example is!

I really am beyond meaſure charmed with the behaviour of all the lovely women here to their huſbands, they are indeed happy men! ſuch ſweet, ſuch innocent fondneſs! ſuch as appears, as far as I can judge, to be a much higher bliſs than we ever taſte in any of our tranſitory connections.

I'll give you Will's account of connubial pleaſure, as he deſcribed it to me, making uſe of the words of the cloud-aſpiring Dr Young, who wrote a book ſome time ago, called the *Centaur*. In a diſcourſe between us, I aſked Sir William, when he had been married about a week, if the pleaſure he enjoyed was worth the expence of his liberty?

He

He replied, What we call liberty, Jack, is all mere nonſenſe and illuſion, I can aſſure thee; for (now for the Doctor's words he quoted)

"He that knows not the pure delight, "and ever-growing tenderneſs of a chaſte "love, knows not the moſt, the faireſt "can beſtow."

Now, Bob, I muſt aſk you about this though, for you are married; Pray, how do you find yourſelf affected? How do you reliſh your chaſte connubial joys?

But I need not aſk thee, neither; or at leaſt not with a notion of thy anſwer being correſpondent with the opinion of my friend Sir William; for, alas! thy turtle is not a *Lady Harrington*, no nor a *Charlotte Randall*, who muſt and ſhall be mine, for ſo I think my fate has ordained, ſince nothing but fate, and very ſtrong fate, could have wrought in me this change of ſentiment with regard to matrimony.

I was deeply ſmitten with her beauty at firſt ſight; in love with her character before; and now, on a near and intimate

acquaintance with the many excellent qualities of her mind, from which every thing that is great and noble beams forth with ſuch ſtrong and ſurpriſing luſtre, that my former reſolutions all vaniſh before this bright luminary, and leave me, inſtead of a bold aſpiring man of gallantry, a tame, humble ſuiter, who thinks he can never do too much for the goddeſs he adores, ſtopping not even at this great ſacrifice, the offering up his liberty at her ſhrine.

Prodigious change! that I,
Who many years with boundleſs luxury,
Have rioted on beauty, ſhould at laſt
Become as very a ſighing whining lover
As e'er romance or poetry could form.

But ſo it is—to this I am come after many ſtruggles (for do not think I yielded tamely neither) even to the divine Charlotte; divine ſhe muſt ſurely be, for can mortals work miracles? and ſuch, I make no doubt, my transformation will be called, ſince I am hers now, both ſoul and

and body, and ſhe has the power to make of me juſt what ſhe pleaſes.

About a week paſt, I had the ſtrongeſt conteſt with my heart I ever held with it, in favour of my liberty. I reaſoned with it, and uſed all the arguments I could recollect or invent, againſt ſhackles, inſomuch that at laſt I thought I had gained an entire conqueſt; and to ſecure it, determined to fly at once from the object which might ſhake my reſolution. Accordingly, ordering Jerry to get my horſe and his own, away I rode, without taking leave of any of the family (who were all gone ſeparate ways, it being juſt after breakfaſt) intending to get forward half a day's journey towards London, and then ſend my friend Sir William a letter, informing him, that I went away upon a caſe of life and death, in conſequence of a letter I received, which required my immediate attendance in town; therefore could not ſtay 'till he and the reſt of the family returned from their walks, in order to take leave of them.

Well, I rode on, highly pleaſed with myſelf for this great and noble inſtance of ſpirit, 'till I came to a village about ſix miles from Harrington-Hall, where, like a fool, ſuffering my eyes to ramble, in a window, at a neat cottage-looking houſe, who ſhould I ſee ſtanding—but my Charlotte?

By Heaven, I never was, in all my life, ſo flutterd! I had like to have fallen from my horſe. I could not have ſpoke if I might have had the univerſe, juſt at firſt; but ſhe called out to me, Your ſervant, Mr Renholds, and immediately the reverend doctor put his head out at the window ſhe had opened, at the ſame time greeting me, and aſking me where I was going?

I—I,—ſtammering like a booby—I can't tell you, Sir, (I at length got out with ſome difficulty); but he, not ſuſpecting the cauſe, did not take notice of the confuſion I was in, only replying,

If you have no buſineſs which particularly engages you, Mr Renholds, pleaſe to come to us, and drink part of the pot of

of coffee which is getting ready for my daughter and me; after which, we may all return to the hall together, where we purpoſe dining to-day. Come, let your ſervant take your horſe?

Now, Bob, here was a plauguy ſituation! what could I do, but as I did? diſmount directly, and, like the faithful needle, following the attractive magnet, go to my adored Charlotte, and ſet myſelf in the widow by her?

Pray, Mr Renholds, ſaid ſhe, what brought you this way? I ſhould have thought you might have found a pleaſanter airing than upon the high road?

I anſwered her queſtion by aſking another, And pray, Miſs Randall, ſaid I, what then brought you hither?

Sir, replied the father for her, this houſe is one of mine, and having buſineſs here to look at ſome repairs which my tenant had ſent me word were neceſſary, I deſired my daughter to ride with me.

Well, Bob, and to be brief, inſtead of going to London, after we had finiſhed

our pot of coffee, I returned with Charlotte and her father to the hall, where, during the enſuing part of the day, I ſo entirely forfeited my liberty, as to reſolve to give up the point, and not make any farther buſtle about it.

I intend, to-morrow morning, to wait upon Mr Randall in proper form, deſiring his permiſſion to addreſs his daughter—as to her conſent, Bob, if I apply for it, I don't fear its being granted, for I have not, during the time I have been with her, remained idle, I can aſſure you; and really flatter myſelf ſo far, as to believe I have properly prepared her little heart to receive the offer of mine with ſome degree of pleaſure.

I have told Charles and Will of my intention, and they both greatly approve it, promiſing me their intereſt to the utmoſt of their power, in caſe I ſhould meet with any difficulties. This is a good thing in *caſe;* but to ſay the truth, I have the vanity to think the caſe will not happen, ſince I am apt to believe the dear girl already loves me.

And

And now, Bob and Tom, ſet your wits to work, and begin to compoſe a proper kind of *dirge*, to be ſung over the departed *liberty* of

Your friend,

J. RENHOLDS.

LETTER XCIX.

Mr LOYD to the Hon. JOHN RENHOLDS.

London, Sept. 20.

WHY, thou poor mean-ſpirited devil! our friend, indeed! No, no, Tom and I deſpiſe all connection with thee—Marry and be curſed, if thou wilt. We are ſo aſhamed of thee, man, we are ſo angry with thee, we care not what becomes of thee now, and are almoſt determined not to let thee know any thing relating to our concerns.

But as thou haſt candidly informed us of thy pitiful ſcheme, we allow thee ſome little ſhare of merit for ſuch ingenuous dealing;

dealing; and therefore, to refreſh thy memory with an account of matters thou once wert acquainted with farther than by mere ſpeculation, we, in exchange for the confidence repoſed in us, now lay before thee a noble ſcheme of ours.

In the firſt place, Tom Craven has laid out the money Charles left with him for that purpoſe, in a commiſſion, and is to go abroad in about a month's time; and, Jack, what doſt think? I ſhall go with him; he and I can't think of parting any more than Will and you. Here we are like you—and again—you are connected with two ſiſters, ſo are we. But now perhaps you'll aſk, Why, Bob, what the devil doſt thou intend to do with thy old wife? Leave her, man, leave her, as you ſhall hear in due time; be eaſy about it for the preſent, however, and let me proceed in proper form and regularity with this admirable ſcheme.

Two days after you quitted London, Tom and I waited upon Colonel Allcraft, who was then at Enfield, in order to treat with him about the commiſſion we want-

ed

ed to purchaſe. My *dear* wife did not go with us, ſo leaving her behind in town, I was once again a free man. Oh! how did I enjoy my liberty, after having been ſhut up ſo long as I had in the matrimonial cage! For very true it is, that—

'Tis liberty! dear liberty alone,
That gives freſh beauty to the ſun!
That makes all nature look more gay,
And lovely life with pleaſure ſteal away.

We ſtayed a week at Enfield, and directly oppoſite to the houſe where we took up our quarters, there were two ſweet pretty girls, daughters to a woman, who, though ſhe had had the great and dreadful misfortune of loſing her huſband, carried on the buſineſs of his ſhop, where ſhe uſed continually to be looking after *her men*, while the daughters ſat in a little neat parlour, neatly dreſſed, looking, as I ſuppoſe, after *their men*.

Tom and I were greatly charmed with the damſels, and the firſt evening we were

were at Enfield, came to a fixed determination of attacking them; in which, if we ſucceeded, we reſolved to ſecure them for our own property, he wanting ſuch a kind of companion to accompany him in his travels, and I as much requiring the ſame, to chear my ſpirits, and make me ſome amends for having trod the confounded rugged paths of matrimony.

Well, Jack, not to be tedious, we made an aſſault, and ſoon became maſters each of his citadel; and indeed, I believe, the girls were perfect innocents, therefore the more eaſily won, and in all reſpects the fitter for our purpoſe. In ſhort, we had the happineſs to carry them off with us to town, the dear creatures getting out at a ground-floor window one night when their mother was aſleep; and we, having before provided each man his poſt-chaiſe, rode off triumphant with our prizes.

We took them to the houſe of our good friend Mrs S. the milliner, who ſoon accommodated us with a couple of her

her firſt floor chambers, in which rooms, Jack, we were happy men. We remained there *incog.* for three days; but not daring longer to continue ſo, on the fourth morning early we quitted our lovely girls, and returned to Enfield, from whence we publicly ſet off for London.

On my arrival at home, I was moſt graciouſly received by my fond ſpouſe, an old beldam! She threw her arms about me, and with a pretty girliſh air, chid me for being ſo cruel as to leave her for ſuch an age, as the fortnight I had been abſent from her, had ſeemed. Dear Bobby, continued ſhe, kiſſing me, how I have wanted you! You ſhan't leave me ſo again, indeed you ſhan't.

Her fondneſs, Jack, now ſince my connection with my blooming *Polly*, is ſo ſurfeiting, I really can't bear it, ſo I muſt, ſooner than I at firſt intended, play a bold ſtroke and leave her. Tom daily intreats me to go abroad with him; and his *Patty*, who knowing ſhe is to leave England, is deſirous of having her ſiſter for a companion,

panion, and therefore uſes all her perſuaſions to get Polly to influence me to come into the ſcheme. My Polly has undertaken the taſk, and can I deny her? No—

——*The pow'rful, the reſiſtleſs charms*
Of eloquence, flow from her lips and eyes,
Conveying ſoft perſuaſion to the heart.

Therefore, Jack, in about a month, I fancy, I ſhall bid adieu to Old England, to my old devil of a wife, and to old friends, if ſuch, in your depraved ſtate, Charles, Will, and thyſelf, deſerve to be ſtiled. Behold and admire, ye poor changelings! How Tom and I hold out to the laſt, and meditate, with proper reverence, the noble ſchemes we form.

I have met with a man who will buy all my eſtates, and the reverſion of Madam's jointure. Plague take it, ſhe muſt keep me out of that 200l. a-year as long as ſhe lives. Well, I muſt e'en be contented, though it is not only a *jointure*, it ſeems, (in that, Jack, ſhe nicked me

when

when the articles were made) but a *yearly allowance* which ſhe can *now* command.

All the money I can raiſe, I ſhall place upon ſome certain ſecurity, commiſſioning a friend of mine in town to make me remittances upon demand, where-ever I ſhall happen to be ſtationed.

When all debts are cleared, and myſelf together with my Polly, equipped for our voyage, taking with us about a thouſand pound in caſh and bills; I ſhall leave behind ten thouſand clear, and this money will bring me in four *per cent*.

As to the jewels I gave my old woman, ſhe won't want them now, ſince her income will not be large enough to entitle her to ſuch extravagance of dreſs; ſo I ſhall let my good friend the jeweller have them again, as was the bargain, you know, in caſe I chooſe it, I paying him the proper diſcount on receiving the money.

Now, Jack, wilt thou lay a wager with me, who will firſt arrive at the end of his wiſhes, thyſelf or me? Shall I go abroad, or thou be married firſt? make

haſte, or I ſhall get the ſtart of thee. Oh! how I long to be gone, for I now hate, and deteſt, the very ſight of my old woman; but I determine to be as civil to her too as ever I can, that ſhe may have no ſuſpicions of my intent of leaving her. But when I am gone, how will ſhe be in diſtreſs for the loſs of her *dear Bobby!* poor ſoul! don't you pity her, Jack?

Polly knows nothing of my being married; nor muſt ſhe; for one day ſhe let drop ſome expreſſions againſt *adultery*, ſaying, ſhe thought that a very ſad crime: The *life of honour* ſhe is perfectly well reconciled to, that is my comfort; ſo ſhe ſhall have it her own way, for I would not have the dear little creature afflicted, or conſcience-ſtricken for the world! ſhe is a ſweet girl! and I do really believe I am *now* fixed for life. Tom ſwears he is; and can now talk of Maria as coolly as of his great grand-mother, having, I make no doubt, by the help of his Patty ſo far perfected his cure, as to bear Maria no more affection than I do my old devil of a wife.

Let

Let us, Jack, hear how you go on, and you ſhall do the ſame concerning the affairs of your ſtill affectionate (although you have behaved in a manner not to deſerve the friendſhip and affection of)

R. LOYD.

LETTER C.

The Hon. JOHN RENHOLDS to Mr LOYD.

Harrington-Hall, Sept. 30.

BY the converſations I have of late held with good people, I am convinced of the many errors I committed while I trod what we men of gallantry call the paths of *pleaſure;* but which ought to be named thoſe of *deſtruction*, for ſo, Bob, in the end they generally prove. Your fine ſcheme, now, for inſtance, to what elſe can it tend? will it not, think you, in the end, prove your ruin? depend upon it, if you purſue it, ſuch will be your fate: As to Tom Craven, he

indeed is obliged to quit his native country; he, in purſuit of pleaſure, has ſpent all his fortune; and now, Bob, ſee what a jilt this ſame deified Pleaſure in the end proves to her votaries: She leads them to the brink of the gulph called *Poverty*, and then taking wing, leaves them without any of thoſe ſports, thoſe joys, ſhe uſed to beſtow; ſo they have nothing left to do, but to plunge headlong, and are met by deſtruction and *Deſpair*. To quit my allegory, which I know thou wilt laugh at, What muſt have been Tom's caſe, if Charles had not purchaſed a commiſſion for him? it is lucky for him he had ſuch a friend; ſince it is better to go to the farthermoſt part of the world, than ſtarve at home. He, therefore, may go abroad with ſatisfaction, ſince he has no other way of retrieving his affairs; but you have: Your circumſtances, at preſent, are ſufficiently eaſy; and your wife by no means ſuch a diſagreeable object, but you might live with her in a ſtate of tolerable *civility*, at leaſt, to which, in my opinion, you are in gratitude

titude obliged. What could any creature upon earth do for you more than ſhe has done? has ſhe not given you all ſhe had to give? ſhe has put herſelf and fortune entirely into your power—poor indiſcreet wretch, how ſhe is like to ſmart for her folly!—I really can't help feeling much pity for her; and muſt tell you, Bob, I can by no means approve of your intended ſcheme.

And now, becauſe I know thou wilt make it, I will ſhew thee I am prepared for the retort, by ſaying myſelf, what I conclude thou wouldſt ſay, wert thou preſent.

Why, how now, Jack! what, in the name of wonder, ails thee? Was not the ſcheme of my marrying the old woman between us agreed upon to be only a means of promoting my happineſs elſewhere? Didſt thou, at the time I married her, intend I ſhould live with her as an huſband all my days?

No, Bob, to my preſent confuſion be it acknowledged, I did not; for at that time my eyes were not opened in the

manner they have ſince been; ſo I was not, of conſequence, able to judge of the difference between good and evil, as I now am.

Thou wilt be ſurpriſed at the progreſs I make in reformation, and aſk me (for well do I know thy ſtyle) what canting parſon I have been confeſſing to: The truth is, Bob, that (laugh as thou wilt) I have been, (what the devil ails me, that I can't get it off my pen?) I have been, I ſay, at CHURCH.

Now, Bob, don't break out too abruptly; I have a word or two to ſay to thee on this head; thou knoweſt that this is a favourite ſubject with a libertine, and never does he think he ſhews his talents to ſuch advantage, as when he is ridiculing the clergy, and the cant, as he calls it, of religion. But where the devil lies the wit of a man's levelling ſarcaſms at perſons and things he is an utter ſtranger to? It therefore behoves him to know ſomething of the ſubject he means to make the butt of his ridicule; and the more he knows of theſe, I, the *diſſolute* Jack Ren-

holds,

holds, will venture to affirm, the leſs he will find himſelf able or willing to attack them.

In a word, 'tis my opinion, that nothing is ſo great an argument of a weak head, and of worſe manners, than ſcoffing at things held ſacred by the generality of mankind. I am ſorry to ſay, that in other matters, admirable talents may accompany atrocious vices; but as I have ſomewhere heard, or read, Only—

"The *Fool* hath ſaid in his heart there is no God."

But to return to CHURCH. I whinced at ſeveral parts of the *ſervice*, as they call it, which thou knoweſt precedes the preaching, particularly when, in the Litany, the whole congregation, with affecting humility, prayed to be delivered from vices, in which I had gloried. It gave me ſuch a confounded rap on the conſcience, that though afraid to repeat it with them, yet I felt as if I wiſhed to ſay it; and as if the parſon had intended

it

it particularly for me, what do you think were the words on which he choſe to preach?

"No adulterer ſhall enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

The compoſition was evidently the work of a good man, a ſcholar, and a gentleman; and why, thought I, may I not ſuppoſe, that he knows better than me, what is right and what is wrong? He who has devoted his life to thoſe ſtudies, which I have made it the buſineſs of mine to avoid?

The moment he named his text, my amour with Mrs Stains flew in my face. Poor woman! ſhe is dead; and, I hope, before her exit, fully repented of her crime, as I *now* do of mine moſt ſincerely.

Now, don't laugh at me, either you or Tom. I wiſh you had both of you heard the ſermon, ſince I think it would have put aſide your preſent ſcheme of life; for what do you in particular, Bob, purpoſe, but to live in a continual ſtate

ſtate of adultery? And how unjuſtifiable that is, with regard to this world, our own objections to receiving ſuch an injury even from a miſtreſs, may convince us. With reſpect to futurity, I think the Doctor's arguments muſt have affected even you, I know they made me ſhudder.

Oh, my friend! conſider well, and endeavour to reform, as Charles, Will, and myſelf, have done; and if thou wilt purſue a courſe of virtuous living, my word for it, thou wilt enjoy more pleaſure, *pleaſure!* which is our ſole aim, than in a courſe of vice; for mark the different kind of pleaſure ariſing from one and the other.

The firſt is a calm tranquil kind of joy, diſpenſing the higher delight, the more it is taſted.

The latter cauſing ſatiety by fruition, becoming by that means its own deſtroyer.

I have experienced both, ſo am capable of ſpeaking upon both points; but ſince you may object to what I ſay in favour of virtuous

tuous principles, thinking from the very ſhort time I have began the practice of them, I may be a kind of novice in the way I endeavour to recommend and teach, I will give you Charles's words upon the occaſion, in a converſation we had upon the ſubject this morning; he has been looſe, but is now reclaimed.

He was congratulating me upon the happy change of ſentiment he obſerved in me, and the proſpect of happineſs I had before me, in the virtuous connection I had formed with my lovely Charlotte.

And, my friend, ſaid he, not only in this particular, regarding your love, but in all others, when you come to have experience of it, you will find that a virtuous courſe of life is far preferable to that which you and myſelf for ſo many years fooliſhly purſued.

In all our purſuits after what we deemed pleaſure, did we not continually find ſome unaccountable allay, even though we achieved the utmoſt our wiſhes could deſire? Vicious pleaſure is a boundleſs appetite;

petite; if indulged it has no limits, ſtill leading on to ſome new enterprize; never ſatisfied with the preſent, ſeeking after variety, its chief ſupport, which inſatiable deſire is an enemy to happineſs, ſince we ſhall find, after having gone on a great way, we are not yet arrived at the ſummit we wiſh to attain, for—

That cruel Something unpoſſeſs'd,
Corrodes and leavens all the reſt.

I am not of the ſame opinion with another of our poets, who ſeems to place happineſs in a future proſpect, or a variety of different enjoyments. But even the poet himſelf does not think ſuch a notion of happineſs incompatible with a man of ſenſe and reaſon, for he ſays—

Bleſt MADMAN *who can ev'ry hour employ,*
With ſomething new to wiſh or to enjoy!

If we ſet no limits to deſire, we ſhall ever have ſomething new to wiſh; for, having completed one favourite ſcheme, we are not long happy in it, we ſtill ſeek

ſeek for new objects of delight, ſoon being cloyed with what we poſſeſſed; when an odd kind of ſenſation would riſe in our breaſt, and ſome inward voice ſeem to ſay to us, "Again thou art diſappointed; this laſt darling wiſh is obtained, and yet thou art not happy."

This monitor is *Conſcience* (don't be ſtartled, Jack) Conſcience, if it be the wicked man's dread, is to the good man his greateſt comfort; for as her reproaches are the moſt cutting, the moſt poignant ſtrokes which can be felt, ſo, on the other hand, her commendations are the moſt heart-felt pleaſure which can be known. Now, Jack, continued Charles, ſpeak from thy heart; do you not find, on contemplating the ſtate you are now going to enter into, a kind of ſecret joy you cannot well account for? a joy of ſuch a ſweet, calm nature, as diſpenſes a gladneſs and ſerenity about your heart, not receiving from any contrary paſſion the leaſt allay.

I do, anſwered I—Well then, purſued he, that joy ariſes from *conſcience;* it is the

the praiſe ſhe gives you, which thus delights your ſenſes; follow thoſe ſteps you now ſeem deſirous of treading, and you will never loſe her comfort, a comfort ſhe never affords the libertine in his purſuits; for, on the contrary, he will find, inſtead of a friend, inſtead of a comforter, ſhe will prove one of the moſt cruel of all tormentors, ſince ſhe will at times throw in her rebukes,

Strewing perpetual thorns upon his pillow.

So far Lord S.—and now, Bob, tho' thou mayeſt be tired with the length of his, I will put in an obſervation of my own.

Had a divine made the foregoing remarks, I ſhould not have paid half the regard to them, perhaps, I did, when I conſidered what kind of man the perſon was, from whom the doctrine came: A divine we are apt to look upon as one who has led a life wholly unexceptionable, never engaging in any delights we men of pleaſure indulge ourſelves in, and which ha-

ving never taſted, we conclude he can have no idea, can form no judgement of; ſo, of courſe, don't much regard what he ſays againſt them, or in praiſe of a good ſober way of life.

But this objection can't be made to Charles, for he has, we all know, lived freely; he has indulged himſelf in all kind of libertiniſm, except *adultery*, which he ſays, was ever too *exquiſite* for his taſte. Ah, Bob! would it had been ſo for mine! and then I ſhould not have felt that remorſe of ſoul which now ſometimes affects me when I think of that affair I carried on with Mrs Staines.—Charles, I ſay, has tried the paths of vice, and finding them thorny, has quitted them for thoſe of virtue, of which he gives the account I have here given thee; and ſurely you will allow, that he who has tried both, is capable of forming a proper judgment, and pointing out which is the moſt eligible.

I moſt ſincerely hope you and Tom will profit by what I have written, which, if

if you do, it will give much ſatisfaction to the true friend of you both,

J. RENHOLDS.

LETTER CI.

The Hon. JOHN RENHOLDS to Mr LOYD.

Harrington-Hall, Oct. 4.

MY laſt, Bob, was entirely upon the moralizing ſtrain, but this ſhall treat wholly of buſineſs and news.

In the firſt place, I muſt mention, with the higheſt regret, the loſs we ſuſtained; Lord C. and his Lady, Lord S. and his, together with Sir James, Lady Stanhope, and Mrs Montague, leaving the hall laſt week. Indeed it is not poſſible to expreſs how we miſs their delightful company; for ſurely ſuch women as thoſe three ſiſters are, can rarely, if any where, be met with again, which makes it no ſort of wonder, Bob, that I, who, for the ſpace of ſix weeks, have been a

witneſs to their endearing behaviour to their huſbands, ſhould deſire to be married, in hopes of being myſelf as happy a man. And though they are gone, there is no fear that deſire in me ſhould cool, for I do not want a bright example of connubial happineſs, it being ſet me, in as ſtrong a manner as by any of the reſt, in the conduct and behaviour of Lady Harrington. Sir William too contributes his part, and is, I do think, one of the beſt of huſbands: If he was not, to ſuch a woman, he would deſerve—— to be unmarried, Bob, the greateſt of all puniſhments, when joined, as he is, to ſuch a piece of perfection. I am wholly charmed with what I have ſeen, and really can't tell which of the four pair deſerves admiration moſt.

All the ladies, before their departure, promiſed Lady Harrington to correſpond with her very frequently, and they have already began, by ſending her each a letter, which came to hand this morning, importing the ſafe arrival of Lady C. at C. Park; Lady S. at his Lordſhip's ſeat in

in Berkſhire; and of Lady Stanhope at that of Sir James in Kent; another alſo came from Mrs Montague to Sir William, acquainting him, ſhe got well to London.

The affair between me and my Charlotte is now quite ſettled to my heart's content—and, Bob, what doſt thou think? the dear girl will be a good fortune to me: Four thouſand pounds at the old gentleman's death; but he can't part with the money before, his living being but a very ſmall one; ſo all he does for us at preſent is furniſhing a very pretty houſe, which is his own, and given up to us rent-free; 'tis ſituated not above three miles from Harrington-Hall, and has, belonging to it, a good garden, together with ſeveral graſs fields, which I intend to occupy myſelf, ſince by that means I ſhall have hay for my horſes at little or no expence.—I am turning farmer, you ſee.

And now, Bob, take my whole ſcheme of life, and the ſituation of all my affairs, as I ſhall lay them before thee.

In the firſt place, I muſt tell you how that dear generous fellow Charles behaved to me the morning before he went away: He called me aſide—Jack, ſaid he, have you ever paid off that five hundred pounds you once mentioned to me, you owed to your banker?

No, my friend, replied I, it is what I never have had in my power to do.

You ſhall not long want the power then, ſaid he, taking a paper out of his pocket, Take this, Jack, my banker will anſwer it on demand.

I was confounded beyond meaſure, at ſo high a proof of the dear fellow's affection: I refuſed to take the draught, but to no purpoſe, for he would not be denied.

Clear your banker's debt, ſaid he, with this, it is a ſum I can very well ſpare, and you want it, ſince I would chooſe to have you enter your accounts with Mr Randall free from all incumberances: That, I hope, now you will be able to do.

Yes,

Yes, replied I, that I really can; for, of late, I have not lived in any very expenſive way, and, on looking over my affairs before I came out of town, found I had caſh enough to clear all debts but that five hundred pounds, beſides defraying all the expences of this journey. The Michaelmas dividend remains quite untouched, and will be, I hope, near two hundred pounds, which, when I receive it, will more than enable me to go on 'till I have a right to command the ſum which will be due for intereſt at Chriſtmas, if I let my money remain in the ſtocks ſo long;

Which, Bob, I ſhall not; for Lord C. is to help me to a couple of mortgages that will take up all my 20,000l. and theſe, I am in hopes, at four *per cent.* which will make my income not a very poor one. My houſe ready furniſhed, rent-free; hay and graſs for my horſes; all theſe added, will, I think, enable my Charlotte and me to live mighty well. We ſhall keep a coach and four, with all things elſe anſwerable, which we may,

and

and not hurt ourſelves, upon 800l. a-year, clear of all deductions, as our income will be, it ariſing from money, not land. We will be prudent, but don't deſire to lay up any thing, only juſt to make the ends meet at the expiration of each year: We need not ſpare, you know, ſince we have 4000l. in bank, to provide for our children.

As ſoon as all things can be ſettled, and the houſe made ready to receive us, Charlotte has conſented to be mine; but all, I fear, won't be completed on this ſide Chriſtmas. I ſhall however remain where I am, for I have no buſineſs in London, nor deſire it; and am ſo far from wiſhing to be there, that I ſhall get all I want, relating to money-matters, executed by commiſſion.

I once more wiſh both Tom and yourſelf well, though I can't approve your courſe of life: I wiſh you would alter it; and to be aſſured of your inclination ſo to do, would be a great pleaſure to

J. RENHOLDS.

P. S

P. S. One thing I had almoſt forgot—I have wrote to my brother, the Earl of H. who has kindly anſwered my letter; being perfectly recon ciled to me, upon my now having, though late, reformed my way of life, in the manner it ever was his wiſh to have me.

LETTER CII.

Mr LOYD to the Hon. JOHN RENHOLDS.

London, Oct. 22.

I HAVE been ſo hurried, Jack, I could not find time to write to thee before, though two letters in debt; but now I will anſwer them, beginning with thy ſermon-letter.

Could I ever have expected to receive ſuch a one from thee? Thou to ſet up for a preacher againſt libertiniſm, who haſt practiſed it all thy life! what a ſimple piece of work! why, my dear friend, I can compare you to nothing elſe, but the

devil

devil rebuking *ſin*. But you have given up all ſinful ways, you'll ſay. Oh, ſweet puritan! ſhall we get thee a little conventicle of thy own, where thou may'ſt hold forth for the good of mankind? it is pity ſuch a fine new light as thou art become ſhould be hid.

You ſhall have a conventicle I am determined, and Charles ſhall be your aſſiſtant; he ſhall pen down notes, and you preach upon them. Oh, what a benefit to the world will you be! but Sir William, can't he have his ſhare in this fine *ſaving* ſcheme? Yes by that means you may do good by turns. He may ſay—Oh, brethren! I have been wicked, very wicked, but I am enlightened by a new light, like my brethren, as a candle that hath been newly ſnuffed; the unprofitable part whereof, namely, that which hindereth the light from ſhining forth being taken away—ſo, brethren, my ſins have been cropt off; they no longer choak up my light or deny it to blaze. I am, I ſay, like a candle that hath been newly ſnuffed—&c.

Then

Then thou, Jack, after he has finiſhed his ſpeech, make thine—as I ſaid before, what a vaſt deal of good you may do, and for ſuch, how will your *conſciences* applaud you! whoſe praiſes are, as Charles ſays, the moſt heart-felt pleaſures, one of the greateſt comforts which can be taſted. See, Jack, you have your wiſh, you did not beſtow your time unprofitably when you pened down your fine moralizing diſcourſe. Charles's obſervations and remarks have made ſome impreſſion upon me you ſee, when I can remember them well enough to quote them upon a proper occaſion?

You are very laviſh, (I thank you for them) of your good wiſhes to me. I hate to die in the debt of any man, ſo return them, including my other friends.

May Charles, Will, and yourſelf, reap all the benefits each of you expect from your new courſes! but neither Tom or myſelf are yet convinced of their being better, or more conducive to *happineſs* than our own; nor do I know when we may be; therefore thou may'ſt reſerve all thy ſtock of *ſaving* knowledge for thy own uſes,

uſes, to preach to us is to no purpoſe, I can aſſure thee, ſo don't attempt it any more.

Having done with the ſermon-letter, I proceed to the ſecond.

I really congratulate you ſincerely upon your eaſy circumſtances, and now that you are grown ſo very prudent, they doubtleſs will continue ſo. Your brother too, I am glad he is reconciled to you; but it is no more than might be reaſonably expected, ſince his former quarrel was not with *you*, but your *vile abandoned way of living*, as he uſed to ſtyle the *jolly life* you then led. Now you are, as you ſay, *reformed*, no wonder his favour returns. Well, I hope his kindneſs towards you will not be confined to mere expreſſions only, but that he will take notice of your coming family (if they do come, and we my conclude they will) as a rich elder brother eaſily may, without any ſort of detriment to his own two boys.

Your brother Sam at Oxford, I ſuppoſe, you will now hold a brotherly correſpondence with; yes, yes, Jack, thou wilt

wilt now be a fit kind of correſpondent for *old men* and *perſons*. But we young fellows, who know what it is to enjoy life, can't reliſh, indeed we can't, thy dull epiſtles.

Could any one ever have thought, as I ſaid before, thou couldſt have come to this? The gay Jack Renholds to turn formal preacher! But, honeſt friend, for the future, when you write to Tom Craven or myſelf, do endeavour to be a little more ſprightly, or elſe we realy ſhall not covet thy correſpondence.

This is the laſt letter thou wilt receive from me in England, for Tom and I ſhall ſet off to-morrow with our dear girls. Oh, Jack! thou canſt not think what a dear charming girl my Polly is! My life for it, ſhe beats thy Charlotte, as much as my noble ſcheme of liberty exceeds thy confined one. Much good may it do thee! I wiſh thou may'ſt really find that happineſs in ſhackles, which thou haſt painted to thyſelf in imagination. But if it ſhould prove an idle dream, what wilt thou do then, Jack? for remember—

When hamper'd in the marriage nooſe,
Tho' you may ſtruggle to get looſe,
And make a mighty riot;
Tho' like a madman you may ſtare,
And ſtorming ſhake your chains and ſwear,
You muſt lye down in quiet.

Yes, my boy, there is no redreſs, unleſs, like me, you make a bold ſtroke, and march off at once from all your plagues and torments.

I ſhall leave a billet behind me with a friend, to be given to *old Madam*, a fortnight after my departure, kindly acquainting her ſhe never will ſee me again, and informing her of the manner in which I have ſettled affairs. I would not deceive her, you know, Jack, that would not be right; it is beſt for her at firſt to know what ſhe has to truſt to.

I am going to *Carolina*, where the regiment is ſtationed which Tom has bought into. If we ſhould be taken by the *French* now! Well, well, we'll run the hazard. —Adieu, Jack! and in a few days adieu England! to his great joy, ſays

R. LOYD.

CONCLUDING NOTE,

By the EDITOR.

MR Loyd and Mr Craven, with their women, arrived ſafe at *Corolina*, where they lived for ſome time all four together, in a ſtate of greater harmony and happineſs than their evil deeds had merited. But it did not laſt long, both the women in a few years being left by their gallants, almoſt deſtitute of ſupport in a foreign country, from which the extravagant courſe of life the men purſued, even there, made it neceſſary for them to take flight. Where they went, or how they diſpoſed of themſelves afterwards, is an entire ſecret, for they were never heard of after their elopement from *Corolina*.

Mrs Loyd, upon the receipt of her huſband's letter, which was left behind, was affected in ſuch a manner for the loſs both of him and her money, as not to be able

to ſupport the affliction. The ſenſe of her imprudence wounded her ſo deeply, that ſhe died within a year after Mr Loyd's departure.

But every branch of the Harrington family flouriſhed! the ladies living with their huſbands in all the felicity the nuptial ſtate could afford. They from time to time kept up the correſpondence they had agreed upon, before they left the hall, with Lady Harrington, ſhe and Sir William might juſtly vie with any of the others, in every kind of true and real happineſs.

Mr Renholds married his lovely Charlotte, and was as happy in his connection, as the reſt of theſe amiable friends. He gave up, in time, all his former free notions, and at length became an ornament to a virtuous courſe of life.

He has been heard to ſay very often to his lady, when ſhe would bleſs his happy change of diſpoſition, and tell him, he was rather more ſtrict in his manner of living, than either of his *brother friends* (ſuch the five gentlemen uſed to call each other.)

other.) "And ſo I ought, my Charlotte. "When I conſider how I have lived for-"merly, I ought to do a great deal by "way of expiation."

All parties, we may now venture to ſay, received the due return of their conduct.

The *Libertine Travellers*, after paſſing through a ſhort period of imperfect deluſive pleaſure, were loſt to the world and to themſelves.

Mr Renholds attained an amiable companion, and a ſufficiency to ſecure that happineſs, to which her accompliſhments, and his reformation, were juſtly intitled.

Sir William and his Lady, endured a temporary diſgrace and diſquiet for their reſpective indiſcretions; but were at length repaid with that true comfort and exquiſite tranſport of mind, which her firm perſeverance in virtue, (notwithſtanding ſome frailties) and his ſincere contrition, for having attempted to deſtroy it, amply deſerved.

The *reſt*, whoſe characters remain unblemiſhed, poſſeſſed that degree of felici-

ty,

ty, which an unſhaken conſtancy in goodneſs alone is able to attain; which no extent of human life can impair, and which futurity will expand to higher and more comprehenſive enjoyments.

THE END.

Lately publiſhed,

And ſold by J. Bell, Bookſeller in the Strand, and C. Etherington, in York.

THE

DRAMATIC CENSOR;

OR,

CRITICAL COMPANION.

Being an inſtructive and entertaining Preceptor for the PLAYHOUSE.

*** The PUBLISHER would think himſelf wanting, both in juſtice to the Authors of the above Work, and in his Duty to the Public, were he to neglect informing them of the very high Commendations it has already been honoured with from different Correſpondents; particularly from *Theatricus*, *A. B. A Friend to Merit*, *An Admirer of your Work*, &c. which now lies at the Publiſhers, and are ready to be ſhewn to any doubtful Purchaſer; but as a more ſubſtantial Proof of public Approbation, he begs leave to copy the Character given by the Monthly Reviewers for September 1771, page 232, where they publiſh their Sentiments of the *Dramatic Cenſor*, in the moſt moderate Terms, *viz.*

This Work was publiſhed about a Year ago, in periodical Numbers, and theſe two Volumes are ſuppoſed to comprehend the whole of the Author's Deſign. He has given a critical Inveſtigation of above 50 of our moſt conſiderable *acting Plays*; with Remarks alſo on the Performers who have appeared in the principal Characters of thoſe Plays. He ſeems to be intimately converſant with Theatrical Affairs; to have formed a juſt Eſtimate of the reſpective Merits of the Actors; and to have offered many judicious Criticiſms on the Writings of our principal Dramatic Poets.

Lately publiſhed,

AN ORIGINAL WORK,

Price Six Shillings, in Boards,

Fencing Familiarized;

OR,

A NEW TREATISE ON THE ART OF SWORD PLAY.

Illuſtrated by elegant Engravings, repreſenting all the different ATTITUDES on which the PRINCIPLES and GRACE of the ART depend; painted from Life, and executed in a moſt elegant and maſterly Manner.

By Mr OLIVER;

Educated at the Royal Academy of Paris, and Profeſſor of Fencing, in St. Dunſtan's Court, Fleet-ſtreet.

London: Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter Exchange in the Strand; and C. ETHERINGTON, at YORK.

*** The AUTHOR of this Work humbly preſumes, that he has offered many conſiderable Improvements in the ART OF FENCING, having founded his Principles on Nature, and confuted many falſe Notions hitherto adopted by the moſt eminent Maſters; he has rendered the Play ſimple, and made it eaſy and plain, even to thoſe who were before unacquainted with the Art. After bringing his Scholar as far as the Aſſault, and having demonſtrated to him all the Thruſts and various Parrades, he lays down Rules for Defence in all Sorts OF SWORD PLAY.